THE MALCONTENT.

By Iohn Marſton.

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BENIAMINO IONSONIO

POETÆ

ELEGANTISSIMO

GRAVISSIMO

AMICO

SVO CANDIDO ET CORDATO,

IOHANNES MARSTON

MVSARVM ALVMNVS

ASPERAM HANC SVAM THALIAM

D. D.

¶ *To the Reader.*

I Am an ill Oratour; and in truth, vſe to indite more honeſtly then eloquently, for t'is my cuſtome to ſpeake as I think, and write as I ſpeake.

In plainenesſe therefore vnderſtand, that in ſome things I have willingly erred, as in ſuppoſing a Duke of *Genoa*, and in taking names different from that Citties families: for which ſome may wittily accuſe me, but my defence ſhall bee as honeſt, as many reproofes vnto mee have been moſt malicious. Since (I heartily proteſt) t'was my care to write ſo farre from reaſonable offence, that even ſtrangers, in whoſe State I layd my Scene, ſhould not from thence draw any diſgrace to any, dead or living. Yet in deſpight of my indevors, I vnderſtand, ſome have bin moſt vnadviſedly over-cunning in miſ-interpreting me, & with ſubtilty (as deep as hell) have malicioufly ſpread ill rumors, which ſpringing from themſelves, might to themſelves have heavily returned. Surely I deſire to ſatisfie every firme ſpirit, who in all his actions, propoſeth to himſelfe no more ends then God and vertue doe, whoſe intentions are alwayes ſimple: to ſuch I proteſt

teſt,that with my free vnderſtanding, I have not glanced at diſgrace of any,but of thoſe, whoſe vnquiet ſtudies labor innovation, contempt of holy policie, reverent comely ſuperiority, and eſtabliſhed vnity: for the reſt of my ſuppoſed tartneſſe, I feare not,but vnto every worthy mind t'wil be approoved ſo generall and honeſt, as may modeſtly paſſe with the freedome of a Satyre. I would faine leave the paper; onely one thing afflicts mee, to thinke that Scenes invented,meerely to be ſpoken, ſhould be inforcively publiſhed to be read, & that the leaſt hurt I can receive, is to do my ſelfe the wrong. But ſince others otherwiſe would doe me more,the leaſt inconvenience is to be accepted. I have my ſelfe therefore ſet forth this Comedy;but ſo, that my inforced abſence muſt much relye vpon the Printers diſcretion: but I ſhal intreat, ſlight errors in orthography may bee as ſlightly or'epaſſed; and that the vnhandſome ſhape which this trifle in reading preſents, may bee pardoned, for the pleaſure it once afforded you, when it was preſented with the ſoule of lively action.

Sine aliqua dementia nullus Phœbus.

I. M.

Dramatis personæ.

Giouanni Altofronto	Disguised Maleuole sometime Duke of Genoa.
Pietro Iacomo	Duke of Genoa.
Mendozo	A Minion to the Dutchesse of Pietro Iacomo.
Celso	A friend to Altofront.
Bilioso.	An olde cholerike Marshall.
Prepasso	A Gentleman Vsher.
Ferneze	A yong Courtier, and inamored on the Dutchesse.
Ferrardo	A Minion to Duke Pietro Iacomo.
Equato. Guerrino.	Two Courtiers.
Aurelia	Dutches to Duke Piet: Iacomo.
Maria	Dutches to Duke Altofront.
Emilia Beancha	Two Ladies attending the Dutchesse.
Maquerelle	An olde Pandresse.

THE MALCONTENT.

Vexat censura columbas.

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCE. PRIMA.

The vilest out of tune Musicke being heard.

Enter Bilioso *and* Præpasso.

Bilioso.

WHy how now? are yee mad? or drunke? or both? or what?

Præp. Are yee building *Babilon* there?

Bell. Heer's a noyse in Court, you thinke you are in a Tauerne, do you not?

Præp. You thinke you are in brothell house doe you not? This roome is ill sented.

Enter one with a Perfume.

So; perfume; perfume; some vpon me I pray thee: The Duke is vpon instant entrance; so, make place there.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter the Duke Pietro, Ferrardo, *Count* Equato, *Count* Celso *before, and* Guerrino.

Pietro. Where breath's that Musique?

Biloso. The discord rather then the Musique is heard from the Malcontent *Malevoles* chamber.

Ferrar. Malevole.

Male. *Yaugh, godaman what do'st thou there: Dukes *Ganimed Iunoes* iealous of thy long stockings: shadow of a woman, what would'st Weetil? thou lambe a Court: what doost thou bleat for? a you smooth chind *Catamite*.

* *Out of his Chamber.*

Pietro. Come downe thou rugged Cur, and snarle here, I giue thy dogged sullennesse free liberty: trot about and be spurtle whom thou pleasest.

Maleuole. Ile come among you, you Gotiſh bloudded Toderers,as Gum into Taffata,to fret, to fret: Ile fall like a ſpunge into water to ſuck vp; to ſuck vp.Howle againe. Ile go to Church,and come to you.

Pietro. This *Maleuole* is one of the moſt prodigious affections that euer conuerſt with nature; A man or rather a monſter; more diſcontent then Lucifer when he was thruſt out of the preſence, his appetite is vnſatiable as the Graue; as farre from any content as from heauen, his higheſt delight is to procure others vexation, and therein hee thinkes he truly ſerues heauen; for tis his poſition, whoſoeuer in this earth can be contented is a ſlaue and dam'd; therefore do's he afflict al in that to which they are moſt affected; the Elements ſtruggle within him; his owne ſoule is at varience: his ſpeach is halter-worthy at all howers: I like him fayth,he giues good intelligence to my ſpirit,makes me vnderſtand thoſe weakeneſſes which others flattery palliates: harke they ſing.

SCENA TERTIA.

A Song.

Enter Maleuole *after the Song.*

See: he comes: now ſhall you heare the extremity of a Malecontent: he is as free as ayre: he blowes ouer euery man. And ſir, whence come you now?

Mal. From the publick place of much diſſimulation. ( )

Piet. What didſt there?

Mal. Talke with a Vſerer: take vp at Intereſt.

Piet. I wonder what religion thou art?

Mal. Of a ſouldiers religion. (now?

Piet. And what dooſt thou thinke makes moſt Infidels

Mal. Sects, ſects, I haue ſeene ſeeming *Pietie* change her roabe ſo oft, that ſure none but ſome arch-diuell can ſhape her a new Peticote.

Pietro. O! a religious pollicie.

Mal.

Mal. But damnation on a politique religion: I am wearie, would I were one of the Dukes hounds now.

Pietr. But whats the common newes abroade *Malcuole*, thou dogst rumor still.

Mal. Common newes? why common words are, God saue yee, Fare yee well: common actions, Flattery and Cosenage: common things, Women and Cuckolds: and how do's my little *Ferrard*: a yee lecherous Animall, my little Ferret, he goes sucking vp & downe the Pallace into euery Hens nest like a Weesell: & to what doost thou addict thy time to now, more then to those Antique painted drabs that are stil affected of young Courtiers, *Flattery*, *Pride* & *Venery*.

Ferrard. I study languages: who doost thinke to be the best linguist of our age?

Mal. Phew, the Diuell, let him possesse thee, heele teach thee to speake all languages, most readily and strangely, and great reason mary, hees traueld greatly ithe worlde; and is euery where.

Ferrard. Saue ith Court.

Mal. I saue ith Court: and how do's my old Muckill ouerspred with frosh suow: thou halfe a mã halfe a Goate, all a Beast: how do's thy young wife old huddle? *To Bilioso.*

Bilio. Out you improuident rascall.

Mal. Doe, kick thou hugely hornd olde Dukes Oxe, good Maister Make-pleece.

Piet. How doost thou liue now a dayes *Malcuole*?

Mal. Why like the Knight *S. Patrik Penlolians*, with killing a Spiders for my Ladies Munckey.

Pie. How do'st spend the night, I heere thou neuer sleepst?

Mal. O no, but dreame the most fantasticall: O heauen: O fubbery, fubbery.

Piet. Dreame, what dreamst?

Mal. Why me thinks I see that *Signior* pawn his foot-cloth: that *Metreza* her Plate: this madam takes phisick: that that tother *Mounsieur* may minister to her: here is a Pandar Iewseld: there a fellow in shift of Satten this day, that could not shift a shirt tother night: here a *Paris* supports that *Hellen*:

theres a Ladie *Guineuer* bears vp that ſir *Lancelot*. Dreames, dreames, viſions, fantaſies, *Chimeras*, imaginations, trickes, conceits, * Sir *Triſtram Trimtram* come a lofe lacke anapes with a whim wham, heres a Knight of the lande of *Catito* ſhall play at trap with any Page in Europe; Doe the ſword daunce, with any Morris dauncer in Chriſtendome; ride at the Ring till the ſtone of his eyes looke as blew as the welkin, and runne the wilde-goose chaſe euen with *Pompey* the huge.

* To Prepaſſo.

Pietro. You runne.

Mal. To the diuell: now *Signor Cuerchino*; that thou from a moſt pittied priſoner ſhouldſt grow a moſt loathed flatterer: Alas poore *Cello*, thy ſtarrs oppreſt, thou art an honeſt Lord, tis pitty.

Equet. Iſt pitty?

Mal. I marry iſt Philoſophicall *Equato*, and tis pitty that thou being ſo excellent a Scholler by Art, ſhouldſt be ſo ridiculous a foole by Nature: I haue a thing to tel you Duke; bid vm auant, bid vm aunnt.

Pietro. Leaue vs, leaue vs, now ſir what iſt?

Exeunt all ſauing Pietro *and* Maleuole.

Mal. Duke thou art a *Beco*, a *Cornuto*.

Pietro. How?

Mal. Thou art a Cuckold.

Pietro. Speake; vnſhale him quick.

Mal. With moſt tumbler-like nimblenes.

Pietro. Who? by whom? I burth with deſire.

Mal. Mendoza is the man makes thee a horn'd beaſt; Duke 'tis *Mendoza* cornutes thee.

Pietro. What conformance, relate, ſhort, ſhort.

Mal. As a Lawyers beard,

There is an old Crone in the Court, her name is Maquerelle,
Shee is my miſtres ſooth to ſay, and ſhee dooth euer tell me,
Blirt a rime; blirt a rime; *Maquerelle* is a cunning Bawde,
I am an honeſt villaine thy wife is a cloſe Drab, and thou art a notorious Cuckold, farewell Duke.

Pietro

Pietro, Stay, Stay.

Mal, Dull, dull Duke, can lazy patience make lame reuenge; O God for a woman to make a man that which God neuer created, neuer made.

Pietro. What did God neuer make?

Mal. A Cockold: To be made a thing thats hud-winkt with kindneſſe whilſt euery raſcall philips his browes; to haue a Cox-combe with egregious hornes, pind to a Lords back, euery page ſporting himſelfe with delightfull laughter, whilſt he muſt be the laſt muſt know it; Piſtols and Poniards, Piſtols and Poinards.

Pietro. Death and dammation!

Mal Lightning and thunder!

Pietro. Vengence and torture!

Mal. Cazzo!

Pietro, O reuenge!

Mal. I would dam him and all his generation, my owne hands ſhould do it; ha I would not truſt heauen with my vengeance any thing.

Pietro. ny thing, any thing *Maleuole* thou ſhalt ſee inſtantly what temper my ſpirit houlds; farewell, remember, I forget thee not, farewell. *Exit* Pietro.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Celſo.

Celſo. My honor'd Lord.

Mal. Peace, ſpeake low; peace, O *Celſo*, conſtant Lord,
(Thou to whoſe faith I onely reſt diſcouered,
Thou one of full ten millions of men
That loueſt vertue onely for it ſelfe,
Thou in whoſe handes olde *OPS* may put her ſoule;)
Behold for euer baniſht *Altofront*
This *Genoas* laſt yeares Duke. O truly noble,
I wanted thoſe old inſtruments of ſtate,
Diſſembliance, and ſuſpect: I could not time it *Celſo*,

My throane ſtood like a point in midd'ſt of a circle,
To all of equall neereneſſe, bore with none:
Raind all alike, ſo ſlept in feareleſſe vertue,
Suſpectles, too ſuſpectles: till the crowde:
(Still liquerous of vntried nouelties)
Impatient with ſeuerer gouernment:
Made ſtrong with *Florence*: baniſht *Altofront*.
Celſo. Strong with *Florence*, I thence your miſchiefe roſe,
For when the daughter of the *Florentine*:
Was matched once with this *Pietro* now Duke,
No ſtratagem of ſtate vntride was left, till you of all—
Mal. Of all was quite bereft,
Alas *Maria* too cloſe priſoned:
My true faith'd Dutches i'the *Citadell*.
Celſo. Ile ſtill adhere, lets mutinie and dye.
Mal. O no, clime not a falling towre *Celſo*,
Tis well held deſperation, no zeale:
Hopeleſſe to ſtriue with fate (peace) Temporize.
Hope, hope, that neuer forſak'ſt the wretchedſt man,
Yet bidſt me liue, and lurke in this diſguiſe.
What? play I well the free breath'd diſcontent?
Why man we are all Philoſophicall Monarkes or naturall fooles, *Celſo* the Courts a fiar, the dutches ſheets will ſmoke for't ere it be long: Impure *Mendoza* that ſharpe noſ'd Lord, that made the curſed match linkt *Genoa* with *Florence* now brode hornes the Duke, which he now knowes: Diſcord to malecontents is very *Manna*, when the rankes are burſt then ſcuffle *Altofront*.
Celſo. I but durſt.
Mal. Tis gone, tis ſwallowed like a minerall, ſome way 'twil worke, phewt ile not ſhrinke, „ *Hees reſolute who can no lower ſinke*.
Celſo. Yonder's *Mendoza*. *Diſcries Mendoza*.
Mal. True, the priuie key.
Celſo. I take my leaue ſweete Lord. *Exit Celſo*.
Mal. Tis fit, away.

SCENA.

SCENA QVINTA.

Enter Mendoza *With three or foure ſuters.*

Mend. Leaue your ſuites with me, I can and will; attend my ſecretary, leaue me.

Mal. *Mendoza* harke yee, harke yee. You are a treacherous villaine, God buye yee.

Mend. Out you baſe borne raſcall.

Mal. We are all the ſonnes of heauen though a Tripe wife were our mother; a you whore-ſonne hot raynde hee *Marmoſet*, *Egiſtus* didſt euer here of one *Egiſtus*?

Mend. *Giſtus*?

Mal. I *Egiſtus*, he was a filthy incontinent Fleſhmonger, ſuch a one as thou art.

Mend. Out grumbling roage,

Mal. *Oreſtes*, beware *Oreſtes*.

Mend. Out beggar.

Mal. I once ſhall riſe,

Mend. Thou riſe?

Mal. I at the reſurrection.

„*No vulger ſeede but once may riſe, and ſhall,*
„*No King ſo huge, but fore he die may fall.* *Exit.*

Mend. Now good *Elizium*, what a delicious heauen is it for a mã to be in a Princes fauour: ô ſweet God, ô pleaſure! ô Fortune! ó all thou beſt of life! what ſhould I thinke: what ſay? what do? to be a fauorite? a minion? to haue a generall timerous reſpect, obſerue a man, a ſtatefull ſcilence in his preſence: ſolitarineſſe in his abſence, a confuſed hum and buſie murmure of obſequious ſuters traying him; the cloth held vp, and waye proclaimd before him: Petitionary vaſſailes licking the pauement with their ſlauiſh knees, whilſt ſome odde pallace *Lampree-ſ* that ingender with Snakes, and are full of eyes on both ſides with a kinde of inſinuated humbleneſſe fixe all their delights vpon his browe: O bleſſed ſtate what a

rauiſhing proſpect doth the *Olympus* of fauor yeeld; Death, I cornute the Duke: ſweet women, moſt ſweet Ladies, nay Angels; by heauen he is more accurſed then a Diuell that hates you, or is hated by you, and happier then a God that loues you, or is beloued by you; you preſeruers of mankind, life blood of ſociety, who would liue, nay who can liue without you? O Paradice, how maieſticall is your auſterer preſence? how imperiouſlie chaſte is your more modeſt face? but ô! how full of rauiſhing attraction is your pretty, petulant, languiſhing, laciuiouſly-compoſed countenance: theſe amorous ſmiles, thoſe ſoule-warming ſparkling glances; ardent as thoſe flames that ſing'd the world by heedles *Phaeton*; in body how delicate, in ſoule how witty, in diſcourſe how pregnant, in life how wary, in fauours how iuditious, in day how ſociable, and in night how? O pleaſure vnutterable, indeed it is moſt certaine, one man cannot deſerue onely to inioy a beautious woman: but a Dutches? in diſpight of *Phœbus* Ile write a Sonnet inſtantly in praiſe of her. *Exit.*

SCENA SEXTA.

Enter Farneze *vſhering* Aurelia, Emillia *and* Maquerelle *bearing vp her traine*, Beancha *attending*: *all goe out but* Aurelia, Maquerelle *and* Farneze.

Aur. And iſt poſſible? *Mendoza* ſlight me, poſſible?

Fer. Poſſible? what can be ſtrange in him thats drunke with fauour.

Groes inſolent with grace? ſpeake *Maquerelle*, ſpeake.

Maqu. To ſpeake feelingly, more, more richely in ſollid ſence then worthleſſe words, giue me thoſe Iewels of your eares to receiue my inforced dutie, as for my part tis well *knowne I can put any thing; can beare patiently with any man: But when I heard hee wronged your pretious ſweetneſſe, I was inforced to take deepe offence; Tis moſt certaine he loues *Emilia* with high appetite; and as ſhe told me

** Farneze priuatly feeds Maquerelles hands with iewels during this ſpeach.*

me(as you know we woemen impart our ſecrets one to a-nother)when ſhe repulſed his ſuite,in that he was poſſeſſed with your indeered grace : *Mendoza* moſt ingratfully renounced all fayth to you.

Fer.Nay,cald you,ſpeake *Maquerelle*,ſpeake.

Maq. By heauen witch? dride biſque, and conteſted bluſhleſly hee lou'd you but for a ſpurt or ſoe.

Fer.For maintenance.

Maq.Aduancement and regarde.

Aur.O villaine?O impudent *Mendoza*.

Maq. Nay he is the ruſtieſt iawde, the fowleſt mouthd knaue in rayling againſt our ſex:he will raile agen women.

Aur.How? how?

Maq.I am aſham'd to ſpeakt,I.

Aur.I loue to hate him,ſpeake.

Maq. Why when *Emilia* ſcornde his baſe vnſteddines the blacke throated raſcall ſcoulded,and ſedde.

Aur.What?

Maq.Troth tis too ſhameleſſe.

Aur.What ſaide he?

Maq.Why that at foure women were fooles, at foure-teene Drabbes,at forty bawdes, at foureſcore witches, and a hundreth Cats.

Aur.O vnlimitable impudencie!

Fer.But as for poore *Fernezes* fixed hart,
Was neuer ſhadleſſe meadow drier parcht,
Vnder the ſcortching heate of heauens dog,
Then is my hart with your inforcing eyes.

Maq.A hotte ſimile.

Fer. Your ſmiles haue bin my heauē your frowns my hel,
O pitty then; Grace ſhould with beautie dwell.

Maq.Reaſonable perfect bir-lady.

Aur.I will loue thee,be it but in diſpight,
Of that *Mendoza*:witch! *Farneze*:witch!
Farneze thou art the Dutches fauorith,
Be faithfull,priuate,but tis dangerous.

Fer. „*His loue is liueleſſe, that for loue feares breath,*
„*The worſt thats due to ſinne, O would't were death.*

Aur. Enioy my fauor, I wil be ſick inſtantly & take phiſick, Therefore in depth of night, viſit

Maq. Viſit her chamber, but conditionally you ſhall not offend her bed: by this Diamond.

Fer. By this Diamond.—— *Giues it to Maquerelle.*

Maq. Nor tarry longer then you pleaſe: by this Ruby.

Fer. By this Ruby. —— *Giues againe.*

Maq. And that the doore ſhall not creake.

Fer. And that the doore ſhall not creake.

Mal Nay but ſweare.

Fer. By this purſe: ——— *Giues her his purſe.*

Maq. Goe to, Ile keepe your oathes for you: remember, viſit.

Enter Mendoza *reading a ſonnet.*

Aur. Dry'd biſquet? looke where the baſe wretch comes,

Men. Beauties life, Heauens modell, Loues Queene.

Maq. Thats his *Æmilia.*

Mend. Natures triumph, beſt on Earth.

Maq. Meaning *Emillia.*

Mend. Thou onely wonder that the world hath ſeene.

Maq. Thats *Emillia.*

Aur. Muſt I then here her praiſd? *Mendoza.*

Mend. Madam, your excellency is gratiouſly incountred; I haue bin writing paſſionate flaſhes in honor of --*Exit Fer.*

Aur. Out villaine, villaine, O iudgment where haue bin my eies? what bewitched election made me doate on thee? what ſorcery made me loue thee; but be gone, bury thy head; O that I could doe more then loath thee: Hence worſt of ill, *No reaſon elſe, our reaſon is our will.*

Exit with Maquer.

Mend. Women? nay furies, nay worſe, for they tormente onely the bad, but women good and bad. Damnation of mankinde, breath haſt thou praiſd them for this? And iſt you *Fernese* are wrigled into ſmock grace, ſit ſure,

ſure, O that I could raile againſt theſe monſters in nature, models of hell, curſe of the earth, women that dare attempt any thing, and what they attempt they care not how they accompliſh, without all premeditation or preuention; raſh in asking, deſperate in working, impatient in ſuffering, extreame in deſiring, ſlaues vnto appetite, miſtreſſes in diſſembling, onely conſtant in vnconſtancie, onely perfect in coũterfetting: their wordes are fained, their eyes forg'd, their ſights diſſembled, their lookes counterfeit, their haire falſe, their giuen hopes deceitfull, their very breath artificiall:

Their blood is their onely God: Bad clothes, and old age are onely the Diuels they tremble at:
That I could raile now.

SCENA SEPTIMA.

Enter Pietro *his ſworde drawne.*

Piet. A miſchieſe fill thy throate, thou fowle iaw'd ſlaue:
Say thy prayers.

Mend. I ha forgot vm.

Piet. Thou ſhalt dye.

Mend. So ſhalt thou; I am hart mad.

Piet. I am horne mad.

Mend. Extreame mad.

Pietr. Monſtrouſly mad.

Mend. Why?

Pietro. Why? thou, thou haſt diſhonored my bed.

Mend. I? come, come, ſit, heeres my bare heart to thee,
As ſteddy as is this center to the glorious world,
And yet harke, thou art a *Cornuto*; *but by me?*

Pietro. Yes ſlaue by thee.

Mend. Do not, do not with tart and ſpleeneſull breath,
Looſe him can looſe thee; I offend my Duke?
Bare record O yee dumbe and raw aird nights,
How vigilant my ſleepleſſe eyes haue bin,

To watch the Traitor; record thou ſpirit of truth,
With what debaſement I ha throwne my ſelfe,
To vnder offices, onely to learne
The truth, the party, time, the meanes the place,
By whom, and when, and where thou wert diſgrac'd:
And am I paid with ſlaue? hath my intruſion
To places priuate, and prohibited,
Onely to obſerue the cloſer paſſages:
Heauen knowes with vowes of reuelation,
Made me ſuſpected, made me deemd a villaine?
What roage hath wronged vs?

Piet. Mendoza, I may erre.

Mend. Erre? tis too mild a name, but erre and erre,
Runne giddy with ſuſpect fore through me thou know.
That which moſt creatures ſaue thy ſelfe doe know,
Nay ſince my ſeruice hath ſo loath'd reiect,
Fore Ile reueale, ſhalt finde them clipt together.

Piet. Mendoza, thou knowſt I am a moſt plaine breſted mã.

Mend. The fitter to make a *Cuckold*, would your browes were moſt plaine too.

Piet. Tell me, indeed I heard thee raile?

Mend. At womẽ, true, why what cold fleame could choſe,
Knowing a Lord ſo honeſt, vertuous,
So boundleſſe louing, bounteous, faire-ſhapt, ſweete,
To be contemn'd, abuſ'd, defam'd, made Cuckold,
Hart, I hate all women for't: ſweete ſheetes, waxe lights,
Antique bed-poſts, Cambrick ſmocks, villanous Curtaines,
Arras pictures, oylde hinges, and all ye tong-tide laſciuious witneſſes of great creatures wantonneſſe: what ſaluation can you expect?

Piet. Wilt thou tell me?

Mend. Why you may find it your ſelfe, obſerue, obſerue.

Piet. I ha not the patience, wilt thou deſerue me; teli, giue it.

Mend. Takt', why *Ferneze* is the man, *Ferneze*, ile proouet, this night you ſhall take him, in your ſheets, wilt ſerue.

Piet. It

Piet. It will, my bozomes in ſome peace, till night.
Mend. What?
Piet. Farewell.
Mend. God how weake a Lord are you,
Why doe you thinke there is no more but ſo?
Piet. Why?
Mend. Nay then will I preſume to councell you,
It ſhould be thus; you with ſome garde vpon the ſuddaine
Breake into the Princes chamber, I ſtay behinde
Without the doore, through which he needs muſt paſſe,
Ferneze flies, let him, to me he comes, hee's kild
By me, obſerue by me, you follow, I raile,
And ſeeme to ſaue the body: Dutches comes
On whom (reſpecting her aduanced birth,
And your faire nature) I know, nay I doe know
No violence muſt be vſed. She comes, I ſtorme,
I praiſe, excuſe *Ferneze*, and ſtill maintaine
The Dutches honor, ſhe for this loues me,
I honour you, ſhall know her ſoule, you mine,
Then naught ſhall ſhe contriue in vengeance,
(As women are moſt thoughtfull in reuenge)
Of her *Ferneze*, but you ſhall ſooner know't
Then ſhe can thinke.
——— *Thus ſhall his death come ſure,*
Your Dutches braine-caught; ſo your life ſecure.
Piet. It is too well, my bozome, and my hart,
„*When nothing helpes, cut of the rotten part..* *Exit.*
„ *Mend.* Who cannot faine friendſhip, can nere produce the effects of hatred: „Honeſt foole duke, ſubtile lewd ciuious Dutches, ſilly nouice ferneze; I doe laugh at yee, my braine is in labour til it produce miſchiefe, & I feele ſudden thro's, proofes ſencible, the iſſue is at hand.
„ *As Beares ſhape young, ſo Ile forme my deuiſe,*
„ *Which growne prooues horrid: Vengeance makes men wiſe.*

ACTVS SECVNDVS. SCE. PRIMA.

Enter Mendoza *with a Sconce, to obserue* Fernezes *entrance, who whilst the Act is playing: Enter vnbraced 2. Pages before him with lights, is met by* Maquerelle *and conuaide in. The pages sent away.*

Men. Hee's caught, the Woodcocks head is i'th noose,
Now treads *Ferneze* in daungerous path of lust,
Swearing his sence is meerely deified.
The foole grasps clouds, and shall beget *Centaures.*
And now in strength of panting faint delight,
The Goate bids heauen enuis him, good Goose,
I can afforde thee nothing but the poore cõfort of calamity,
„ *Lust like the plummets hanging on clock lines,* (Pitty
„ *Will nere a done till all is quite is vndone.*
Such is the course salt sallow lust doth ruine.
Which thou shalt trie; Ile be reueng'd, Duke thy suspect
Dutches thy disgrace, *Ferneze* thy riuall-ship,
Shall haue swift vengeance, nothing so holy,
No band of nature so strong,
No law of friendship so sacred,
But ile prophane, burst, violate
Fore ile indure disgrace: contempt and pouertie:
Shall I whose very humme, strooke all heads bare,
Whose face made scilence: creaking of whose shooe,
Forc'd the most priuate passages flie ope,
Scrape like a seruile dog at some latch'd doore?
Learne now to make a leg? and cry beseech yee,
Pray yee is such a Lord within? be aw'd
At some odde vshers scoft formality?
First feare my braines: *Vnde cadis non quo refert,*
My hart cries perish all, how? how? *What fate*
„ *Can once auoide reuenge, thats desperate,*
Ile to the Duke, if all should ope, if? tush
„ *Fortune still doats on those who cannot blush.*

SCENA.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Maleuole *at one doore*, Beancha, Emilia *and* Maquerelle *at the other doore.*

Mal. Bleſſe ye caſt a Ladies; ha *Dipſas*, how dooſt thou
Maq. Olde *Cole*. (old *Cole*;

Mal. I old *Cole*, me thinkes thou lieſt like a brand vnder theſe billits of greene wood.

He that wil inflame a yonge wenches hart, let him lay cloſe to her, an ould *Cole* that hath firſt bin fierd a *pandreſſe*, my halfe burnt lynt, who though thou canſt not flame thy ſelfe yet act able to ſet a 1000. virgins tapers a fiar: and how do's *Ianiuere* thy husband, my little periwincle: is a trobled with the cough a the Lunges ſtill? does he hawke anights ſtill? he will not bite. *To Beancha.*

Bean. No by my troth, I tooke him with his mouth emptie of ould teeth.

Mal. And he tooke thee with thy belly full of yong bones marry he tooke his maime by the ſtroake of his enemy.

Bean. And I mine by the ſtroake of my friende:

Mal. The cloſe ſtock, ô mortall wench: Lady ha ye now no reſtoratiues for your decayed *Iaſons*, looke yee, Crabs guts, bak't, diſtil'd Oxe-pith, the puluerized hairs of a Lions vpper lip, gelly of Cock-ſparrowes, Hee Monkeis marrow, or powder of Foxe-ſtones; and whither are all you ambling now?

Bean. Why to bed, to bed.

Mal. Doe your husbands lye with yee?

Bean. That were countrie faſhion yfaith.

Mal Ha yee no forgoers about you; come, whether in good deed law now?

Maq. In good indeed law now, to eate the moſt miraculouſly, admirably, aſtoniſhable compoſ'd Poſſet with three Curds, without any drinke: will yee helpe me with a Hee Fox: heer's the Duke. *Exeunt Ladies.*

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Duke Pietro, *Count* Celso, *Count* Equato, Bilioso, Ferrard, *and* Mendoza.

Piet. The night growes deepe and fowle, what houre ist?
Celso. Vpon the stroake of twelue.
Mal. Saue yee Duke.
Piet. From thee, begone I do not loue thee, let me see thee no more, we are displeasd.
Mal. Why God buy thee, heauen heare my curse,
May thy wife and thee liue long together.
Piet. Be gone sirra.
Mal. When *Arthur* first in Court began, --*Agamemnon* *Menelaus*--was euer any Duke a *Cornuto*?
Piet. Begon hence.
Mal. What religion wilt thou be of next?
Mend. Out with him.
Mal. With most seruile patience time will come,
When wonder of thy error will strike dumbe,
Thy beseld sence, slaues I fauour, I marry shall he, rise,
„*Good God how subtile Hell doth flatter vice,*
„*Mount him aloft, and makes him seeme to flie,*
„*As foule the* Tortois *mockt: who to the skie,*
„*T'ambitious shell fish rais'd th'end of all,*
„*Is onely that from height he might dead fall* *Exit*
Piet. It shall be so.
Mend. It must be so, for where great States reuenge,
„Tis requisite, the parts with pietie
„And loft respect forbeares, be closely dogd,
„Lay one into his breast shall sleepe with him,
„Feede in the same dish, run in selfe faction,
„Who may discouer any shape of danger,
„For once disgrac'd, displaied in offence,
„It makes man blushlesse, and man is (all confesse)

More prone to vengeance then to gratefulneſſe.
„*Fauours are writ in duſt, but ſtripes we feele,*
„*Deprauednature ſtamps in laſting ſteele.*
Piet. You ſhalbe leauged with the Dutches.
Equat. The plot is very good.
Mend. You ſhall both kill, and ſeeme the courſe to ſaue.
Ferrad. A moſt fine braine trick.
Celſo. Of a moſt cunning knaue.
Pietro My Lords: The heauy action we intend,
Is death and ſhame, two of the vglieſt ſhapes
That can confound a ſoule, thinke, thinke of it;
I ſtrike but yet like him that gainſt ſtone walles
Directs his ſhaftes, reboundes in his owne face,
My Ladies ſhame is mine, O God tis mine.
Therefore I do coniure all ſecreſie,
Let it be as very little as may be; pray yee, as may be?
Make frightleſſe entrance, ſalute her with ſoft eyes,
Straine naught with blood, onely *Ferneze* dies,
But not before her browes: O Gentlemen
God knowes I loue her, nothing els, but this
I am not well; if griefe that ſucks veines drye,
Riuels the skinne, caſts aſhes in mens faces,
Be-duls the eye, vnſtrengthens all the blood,
Chance to remooue me to an other world,
As ſure I once muſt dye: let him ſuccede:
I haue no childe, all that my youth begot,
Hath bin your loues, which ſhall inherit me,
Which as it euer ſhall, I doe coniure it
Mendoza may ſucceed, hees noble borne:
With me of much deſert.
Celſo. Much.
Pietro. Your ſilence anſweres I,
I thanke you, come on now, ô that I might die,
Before her ſhames diſplaide, would I were forſt
To burne my fathers Tombe; vnhill his boanes,
And daſh them in the durt, rather then this:

This both the liuing and the dead offends,
„ *Sharpe surgery where nought but death amends.*
Exit with others.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Maquerelle, Emillia *and* Beanca,
with a Posset.

Maq. Euen here it is, three curds in three regions indiuiduallie distinct,
Most methodically according to art compos'd, without any drinke.

Bean. Without any drinke.

Maq. Vpon my honour, will yee sit and eate.

Emil. Good, the composure, the receite, how ist:

Maq. Tis a pretty pearle, by this pearle, (how dost with me) thus it is, seauen and thirty yowlks of *Barbarie* hennes eggs, eighteene spoonfulles and a halfe of the Ioice of cock-sparrowe bones, one ounce, three drams, foure scruples, and one quarter of the Sirrop of *Ethiopian* Dates, sweetned with three quarters of a pound of pure Candid *Indian Eringos*, strow'd ouer wih the powder of Pearle of *America*, *Amber* of *Cataia*, and Lambe stones of *Muscouia*.

Bean. Trust me the ingredients are very Cordiall, and no question good, and most powerfull in restauration.

Maq. I know not what you meane by restauration, but this it doth, it purifieth the blood, smootheth the skinne, inlifeneth the eye, strengthneth the vaines, mundefieth the teeth, comforteth the stomacke, fortifieth the backe, and quickneth the wit, thats all.

Emil. By my troth I haue eaten but two spoonefuls, and me thinkes I could discourse most swiftly, and wittily already.

Maq. Haue you the art to seeme honest.

Bean. I thanke aduise and practise.

Maq.

Maq. Why then eate me a this posset, quicken your blood, and preserue your beauty, doe you knowe Doctor Plaster-face: by this curd he is the most exquisite in forging of veines, sprightning of eyes, dying of haire, sleeking of skinnes, blushing of cheeks, surpheling of brests, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that euer made an ould ladie gratious by torch-light: by this curd law.

Bean. Well we are resolu'd, what God has giuen vs weell cherish.

Maq. Cherish any thing sauing your husband, keepe him not too high least he leape the pale: but for your beauty, let it be your Saint, bequeath two howers to it euery morning in your closet: I ha bin yong, and yet in my conscience I am not aboue fiue and twenty, but beleeue me, preserue and vse your beauty, for youth and beautie once gone, we are like Beehiues without honey: out a fashion, apparell that no man will weare, therefore vse me your beauty.

Emil. I but men say.

Maq. Men say, let men say what the will, life a woman, they are ignorant of our wants, the more in yeeres the more in perfection the grow: if they loose youth and beauty, they gaine wisdome and discretion: But when our beauty fades, godnight with vs, there cannot be an vglier thing to see then an ould woman, from which, ô pruning, pinching, and painting, deliuer all sweete beauties.

Bean. Harke musique.

Maq. Peace tis ithe Dutches bed-chamber, good rest most prosperously grac'd ladies.

Emil. God night centinell.

Bean, Night deere Maquerelle.

Exeunt all but Maq.

Maq. May my possets operation send you my witt and honesty,
And me your youth and beauty: the pleasingst rest.

Exit Maq.

SCENA QVINTA.

A Song.

Whileſt the Song is ſinging, enter Mendoza *with his ſworde drawne ſtanding readie to murder* Ferneze *as he flies from the Dutches chamber.*

Tumult within.

All. Strike, ſtrike.

Aur. Saue my *Ferneze*, ô ſaue my *Ferneze*.

Enter Ferneze *in his ſhirt, & is receiud vpon* Mendoz. *ſword.*

All. Follow, perſue.

Aur. O ſaue *Ferneze*.

Mend. Pierce, pierce, thou ſhallow foole drop there,
He that attempts a Princes lawleſſe loue,
Muſt haue broad hands, cloſe hart with *Argos* eyes,
And back of *Hercules*, or els he dyes.

Enter Aurelia, *Duke* Pietro, Ferrard, Bilioſo, Celſo *and* Equato.

All. Follow, follow,

Mend. Stand off, forbeare, yee moſt vnciuill Lords.

Mendoza *beſtrids the wounded body of* Ferneze *and ſeemes to ſaue him.*

Piet. Strike.

Mend. Do not; tempt not a man reſolu'd;
Would you inhumane murtherers more then death?

Aur. O poore *Ferneze*.

Mend. Alas now all defence too late.

Aur. Hee's dead.

Piet. I am ſory for our ſhame: go to your bed:
Weepe not too much, but leaue ſome teares to ſhed
When I am dead.

Aur. What weepe for thee? my ſoule no teares ſhal find.

Piet. Alas, alas, that womens ſoules are blind.

Mend. Betray ſuch beauty? murther ſuch youth? contemne ciuilitie,
He loues him not that railes not at him.

Piet. Thou canſt not mooue vs: we haue blood inough;
And pleaſe you Lady we haue quite forgot

All

All your defects: if not, why then
Aur. Not.
Piet. Not: the beſt of reſt, good night. *Exit Pietro with*
Aur. Deſpight goe with thee. *other Courtiers.*
Mend. Madam, you ha done me foule diſgrace,
You haue wrongd him much, loues you too much.
Goe to; your ſoule knowes you haue.
Aur. I thinke I haue.
Mend. Do you but thinke ſo?
Aur. Nay ſure I haue, my eyes haue witneſſed thy loue,
Thou haſt ſtood too firme for me.
Mend. Why tell me faire cheekt Lady, who euen in teares
Art powerfully beautious, what vnaduiſed paſſion
Strooke yee into ſuch a violent heate againſt me,
Speake, what miſchiefe wrongd vs? what diuell iniur'd vs?
Speake?
Aur. That thing nere worthy of the name of mã; *Ferneze*,
Ferneze ſwore thou lou'ſt *Emillia*,
Which to aduance, with moſt reprochfull breath,
Thou both didſt blemiſh and denounce my loue.
Mend. Ignoble Villaine, did I for this beſtride
Thy wounded limbs; for this? ranck oppoſite
Euen to my Soueraigne: for this? O God for this?
Sunke all my hopes, and with my hopes my life,
Ript bare my throate vnto the hangmans Axe,
Thou moſt diſhonour'd trunke ——— *Emillia*?
By life I know her not ——— *Emillia*?
Did you beleeue him?
Aur. Pardon me, I did.
Mend. Did you, and therevpon you graced him?
Aur. I did.
Mend. Tooke him to fauour, nay euen claſpd with him?
Aur. Alas I did.
Mend. This night?
Aur. This night.
Men. And in your luſtfull twines the Duke tooke you?

Aur. A moſt ſad truth.

Mend. O God, O God, how we dull honeſt ſoules,
Heauy braind men, are ſwallowed in the bogs
Of a deceitfull ground, whilſt nimble bloods,
Light iointed ſpirits pent, cut good mens throats,
And ſcape alas, I am too honeſt for this age,
Too full of fleame, and heauy ſteddineſſe:
Stood ſtill whilſt this ſlaue caſt a nooſe about me;
Nay then to ſtand in honor of him, and her,
Who had euen ſlic'd my hart.

Aur. Come I did erre, and am moſt ſorry, I did erre.

Mend. Why we are both but dead, the Duke hates vs,
„ *And thoſe whome Princes doe once groundly hate,*
„ *Let them prouide to dye; as ſure as fate,*
„ *Preuention is the hart of pollicie.*

Aur. Shall we murder him.

Mend. Inſtantly?

Aur. Inſtantly, before he caſts a plot,
Or further blaze my honours much knowne blot,
Lets murther him.

Mend. I would do much for you, will ye marry me?

Aur. Ile make thee Duke, we are of *Medices*,
Florence our friend, in court my faction
Not meanly ſtrength-full; the Duke then dead,
We well prepar'd for change: the multitude
Irreſolutely reeling: we in force:
Our partie ſeconded. the kingdome mazde:
No doubt of ſwift ſucceſſe all ſhalbe grac'd.

Mend. You do confirme me, we are reſolute,
To morrow looke for change, reſt confident.
Tis now about the immodeſt waſte of night,
The mother of moiſt dew with pall'd light,
Spreds gloomy ſhades about the nummed earth.
Sleepe, ſleepe, whilſt we contriue our michiefes birth:
This man ile get inhum'de, farewell, to bed,
I kiſſe thy pillow, dreame, the duke is dead. *Exit Aurelia.*

So,

So,ſo,good night,how fortune dotes on impudence,
I am in priuate the adopted ſonne of yon good Prince,
I muſt be Duke,why if I muſt,I muſt,
Moſt ſilly Lord,name me? O heauen
I ſee God made honeſt fooles,to maintaine craftie knaues:
The dutches is wholy mine too; muſt kill her husband
To quit her ſhame,mutch: then marry her: I,
O I grow prowd in proſperous trecherie:
As wreſtlers clip,ſo ile imbrace you all,
Not to ſupport,but to procure your fall.

Enter Maleuole.

Mal. God arreſt thee.

Mend. At whoſe ſuite?

Mal. At the diuels: ha you treacherous damnable monſter,
How dooſt? how dooſt thou treacherous roage?
Ha yee raſcall,I am baniſht the Court,Sirra.

Mend. Prethee lets be acquainted,I do loue thee faith.

Mal. At your ſeruice, by the Lord law,ſhals go to ſupper,
Lets be once drunke together, and ſo vnite a moſt vertuouſly ſtrengthned friendſhip,ſhals *Hugonot*,ſhals?

Mend. Wilt fall vpon my chamber to morrow morne.

Mal. As a Rauen to a dunghill: they ſay ther's one dead here pickt for the pride of the fleſh.

Mend. *Ferneze*: there he is,prey thee bury him.

Mal. O moſt willingly, I meane to turne pure Rochell Churchman, I.

Mend. Thou Churchman,why? why?

Mal. Becauſe ile liue lazely, raile vpon authoritie, deny Kings ſupremacie in things indifferent, and bee a Pope in mine owne pariſh.

Mend. Wherefore doo'ſt thou thinke Churches were made?

Mal. To ſcoure Plough-ſhares, I ha ſeene Oxen plough vp Altars: *Et nunc ſeges vbi ſion fuit.*

Mend. Strange.

Mal. Nay monſtrous, I ha ſeene a ſumptuous ſteeple turned to a ſtinking priuie : more beaſtly, the ſacredſt place made a Doggs kenill : nay moſt inhumane, the ſton'd coffins of long dead Chriſtians burſt vp, and made Hogs-troughs. —————— *Hic finis Priami.*

Shall I ha ſome ſack, and cheeſe at thy chamber:
Good night good miſchiuous incarnate diuill, godnight *Mendoza*, ha, yee Inhumain villaine godnight, night ſub.

Men. God night : to morrow morne. *Exit Mendoza.*

Mal. I, I will come friendly Damnation, I will come,
I doe diſcrie croſſe-poynts, honeſty, and court-ſhip, ſtraddle as farre a ſunder, as a true Frenchmans legges.

Ferne. O !

Mal. Proclamations, more proclamations.

Fer. O a Surgion.

Mal. Hark, luſt cries for a ſurgion, what news from *Limbo*
How does the graund cuckold *Lucifer*.

Fer. O helpe, helpe, conceale & ſaue me.

Ferneze ſtirs & Male. helpes him vp and conuaies him away.

Mal. Thy ſhame more then thy wounds do grieue me far,
„Thy woundes but leaue vpon thy fleſh ſome skarre:
„ But ſame neare heales ſtill ranckl's worſe and worſe,
„ Such is of vncontrolled Luſt the curſſe.
„ Thinke what it is in lawleſſe ſheetes to lye,
„ But ô *Ferneze* what in luſt to die:
„ Then thou that ſhame reſpects, ô flie conuerſe
„ With womens eyes and liſping wantoneſſe:
„ Stick candells gainſt a virgin walles white back,
„ If they not burne, yet at the leaſt theile blacke,
Come Ile conuey thee to a priuate porte,
Where thou ſhalt liue (O happy man) from court.
The beautie of the daye begins to rize,
From whoſe bright forme *Nights* heauie ſhadow flies.
Now gins cloſe plots to worke, the Sceane growes full,
And craues his eyes who hath a ſollid Skull, *Exeunt.*

ACTVS

ACTVS TERTIVS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Pietro *the Duke, Mendoz:* Count Equato *and* Bilioſo.

Piet. Tis growne to youth of day, how ſhall we waſt this
My hart's more heauie then a tyrants crowne. (light?
Shall we goe hunt? Prepare for field. *Exit* Equa.
Mend. Would yee could be merry.
Piet. Would God I could: *Mendoza* bid am haſt. *Exit*
I would faine ſhift place, O vaine relieſe. *Mendo.*
„ *Sad ſoules may well change place, but not change griefe:*
As Deere being ſtruck flie thorow many ſoyles,
Yet ſtill the ſhaft ſtick faſt, ſo,
Mend. A good old ſimile my honeſt Lord.
Piet. I am not much vnlike to ſome ſickman,
That long deſired hurtfull drinke; at laſt
Swilles in and drinkes his laſt, ending at once
Both life and thirſt. O would I nere had knowne
My owne diſhonor: good God, that men ſhould
Deſire to ſearch out that, which being found kils all
Their ioye of life: to taſte the tree of Knowledge,
And then be driuen from out Paradice.
Canſt giue me ſome comfort?

Bi i. My Lord, I haue ſome bookes which haue beene dedicated to my honor, and I neare read am, and yet they had very fine names: *Phiſicke for Fortune*: *Lozinges of ſanctified ſincerity*: very prettie workes of Curats, Scriueners and Schoolemaiſters. Mary I remember one *Seneca, Lucius Aneus Seneca.*

Piet. Out vpon him, he writ of Temperance and Fortitude, yet liued like a voluptuous Epicure, and died like an effeminate coward. Haſt thee to *Florence*: heere take our Letters, ſee um ſeald, awaye: report in priuate to the honourd duke his daughters forc'd diſgrace, tell him at length we know too much, *Due compliments aduaunce.*
„ *There's naught thats ſafe and ſweete but Ignorance.*
Exit Duke.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Maleuole *in ſome freeze gowne whileſt* Bilioſo *reades his Patent.*

Mal. I cannot ſleepe, my eyes ill neighbouring lids
Will holde no fellowſhip: O thou pale ſober night,
Thou that in ſluggiſh fumes all ſence dooſt ſteepe:
Thou that giues all the world full leaue to play,
Vnbendſt the feebled vaines of ſweatie labour;
The Gally-ſlaue, that all the toileſome day,
Tugges at his oare againſt the ſtubborne waue,
Straining his rugged vaines; ſnores faſt:
The ſtooping Sitheman that dooth barbe the field,
Thou makſt winke ſure: in night all creatures ſleepe,
Onely the Malecontent, that gainſt his fate,
Repines and quarrels, alas hees goodman tell-clock,
His ſallow iaw-bones ſincke with waſting mone,
Whilſt others beds are downe, his pillowes ſtone.

Bili. Maleuole.

Mal. Elder of Izrael, thou honeſt defect of wicked na-
To *Bilioſo.* ture and obſtinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee lie with her?

Bili. I am going Embaſſadour to *Florence.*

Mal. Embaſſador, now for thy countries honor, preethe doe not put vp Mutton and Porredge i'thy clock-bag: thy yong lady wife goes to *Florence* with thee too do's ſhe not?

Bili. No, I leaue her at the Pallace.

Mal. At the Pallace? now diſcretion ſhield man, for Gods loue lets ha no more cuckolds, *Hymen* begins to put of his Saffron robe, keepe thy wife i'the ſtate of grace, hart a truth, I would ſooner leaue my lady ſingled in a *Bordello*, then in the *Genoa* pallace, ſinne there appearing in her ſluttiſh ſhape Would ſoone grow loathſome, euen to bluſhes ſence, Surfet would cloake intemperate appetite, Make the ſoule ſent the rotten breath of luſt. When in an *Italian* laſciuious Pallace, a Lady gardianleſſe. Left to the puſh of all allurement, The ſtrongeſt incitements to immodeſtie,

To

To haue her bound, incenſed with wanton ſweetes,
Her vaines fild hie with heating delicates,
Soft reſt, ſweete Muſick, amorous Maſquerers, laſciuious banquets, ſinne it ſelfe gilt ore, ſtrong phantaſie tricking vp ſtrange delights, preſenting it dreſſed pleaſingly to ſence, ſence leading it vnto the ſoule, confirmed with potent example, impudent cuſtome intic'd by that great bawd opportunitie, thus being prepar'd, clap to her eaſie eare, youth in good clothes, well ſhapt, rich, faire-ſpoken, promiſing-noble, ardent bloud-ful, wittie, flattering: *Vliſſes* abſent,
O *Ithaca* can chaſteſt *Penelope* hold out.

Bil. Maſſe ile thinke on't farewell. *Exit Bilioſo.*

Mal. Farewell, take thy wife with the, farewell,
To *Florence*, um? it may prooue good, it may,
And we may once vnmaske our browes.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Count Celzo.

Cel. My honour'd Lord.

Mal. Celſo peace, how iſt? ſpeake loe, pale feares ſuſpect that hedges, walls & trees haue eares, ſpeake how runs all?

Cel. I faith my Lord, that beaſt with many heads
The ſtaggering multitude recoiles apace,
Though thorow great mens enuie, moſt mens mallice,
Their much intemperate heate hath baniſht you.
Yet now they find enuie and mallice neere,
Produce faint reformation.
The Duke, the too ſoft Duke lies as a block,
For which two tugging factions ſeeme to ſawe,
But ſtill the Yron through the ribbes they drawe.

Mal. I tell thee *Celzo*, I haue euer found
Thy breſt moſt farre from ſhifting cowardize
And fearfull baſeneſſe: therfore ile tell thee *Celzo*,
I finde the winde begins to come about, (ly force,
Ile ſhift my ſute of fortune, I know the *Florentine* whoſe on-
By marying his prowd daughter to this Prince,
Both baniſht me, and made this weake Lord Duke,
Will now forſake them all, beſure he will:

Ile lye in ambuſh for conueniencie,
Vpon their ſeuerance to confirme my ſelfe.
Cel. Is *Ferneze* interred?
Mal. Of that at leiſure: he liues.
Cel. But how ſtands *Mendoza*, how iſt with him?
Mal. Faith like a paire of Snuffers, ſnibbes filth in other men, and retaines it in himſelfe.
Cel. He do's flie frō publique notice me thinks, as a Haire do's from hounds, the feet wheron he flies betraies him.
Mal. I can track him *Celzo*:
O my diſguiſe fooles him moſt powerfully:
For that I ſeeme a deſperate malecontent
He faine would claſpe with me: he is the true ſlaue,
That will put on the moſt affected grace, *Enter Mendoz.*
For ſome vild ſecond cauſe.
Cel. Hees here.
Mal. Giue place.
Illo, ho ho ho, art there old true peny, *Exit Celſo.*
Where haſt thou ſpent thy ſelfe this morning? I ſee flattery in thine eyes, & damnation i'thy ſoule. Ha ye huge Raſcal.
Men. Thou art very merry. (go with thee now.
Mal. As a ſcholler *futuens gratis*: How doz the deuill
Men. *Maleuole*, thou art an arrant knaue.
Mal. Who I? I haue beene a Sergeant man.
Men. Thou art very poore.
Mal. As *Iob*, an Alcumiſt, or a Poet.
Men. The Duke hates thee.
Mal. As *Iriſhmen* do bum-cracks.
Men. Thou haſt loſt his amitie.
Mal. As pleaſing as Maids looſe their virginitie. (noble.
Men. Would thou wert of a luſtie ſpirit, would thou wert
Mal. Why ſure my bloud giues me I am noble, ſure I am of noble kinde, for I finde my ſelfe poſſeſſed with all their qualities: loue Dogs, Dice and Drabs, ſcorne witte in ſtuffe clothes, haue beate my Shoomaker, knockt my Sempſtres, cuckold my Pottecary, and vndone my Taylor.
Noble, why not? ſince the Stoick ſaid; *Neminem ſeruum non*

ex

ex regibus, neminem regem non ex seruis esse oriundum, only busie fortune towses, and the prouident chaunces blends them together; Ile giue you a symilie: did you ere see a Well with 2. buckets, whilst one comes vp full to be emptied, another goes downe emptie to be filled; such is the state of all humanitie: why looke you, I may be the sonne of some Duke, for beleeue me intemperate lasciuious bastardie makes nobility doubtfull, I haue a lusty daring hart *Mendoza*.

Men. Lets graspe? I doe like thee infinitely, wilt inact one thing for me?

Mal. Shall I get by it? *Giues him his purse.*
Commaund me, I am thy slaue, beyond death and hell.

Wen. Murther the Duke?

Wal. My harts wish, my soules desire, my fantasies dream,
My blouds longing, the only haight of my hopes, how?
O God how? O how my vnited spirits throng together;
So strengthen my resolue.

Men. The Duke is now a hunting.

Mal. Excellent, admirable, as the diuell would haue it, lend me, lend me, Rapier. Pistol, Crosebow: so, so, ile do it.

Wen. Then we agree. (forme?

Wal. As Lent and Fishmongers, come *a cape a pe*, how in

Men. Know that this weake braind duke, who only stands on *Florence* stilts, hath out of witlesse zeale made me his heire, and secretly confirmed the wreathe to me after his lifes full point.

Mal. Vpon what merit?

Men. Merit? by heauen I horne him, onely *Fernezies* death gaue me states life: tut we are politique, he must not liue now.

Mal. No reason marry: but how must he dye now.

Men. My vtmost proiect is to murder the Duke, that I might haue his state, because he makes me his heire: to banish the Duches, that I might be rid of a cũning *Lacedemonian*, because I know *Florence* will forsake her, & then to marie *Maria* the banished duke *Altofronts* wife, that her friends might strengthen me and my faction, this is all lawe.

Mal. Doe you loue *Maria.*

Mend. Faith noe great affection, but as wiſe men do loue great wemen to innoble their bloud and augment their reuenew: to accompliſh this now, thus now. The Duke is in the foreſt next the Sea, ſingle him, kill him, hurle him i'the maine, and proclaime thou ſawſt Woolues eate him.

Mal. Vm, not ſo good, me thinkes when he is ſlayne to get ſome Ipocrite, ſome daungerous wretch thats muffled, or with fayned holines to ſweare he hard the Duke on ſome ſteepe cliffe lament his wifes diſhonor, and in an agony of his hearts torture hurled his groning ſides into the ſwolne ſea, this circumſtance well made, ſoundes probable, and hereupon the Dutches.

Men. May well be baniſhed: ô vnpeerable inuenſion, rare, Thou God of pollicie! it hunnies me. (her.

Mal. Then feare not for the wife of *Altofront*, ile cloſe to

Men. Thou ſhalt, thou ſhalt, our excellencie is pleaſed: why wert not thou an Emperour, when wee are Duke ile make thee ſome great man ſure?

Mal. Nay make me ſome ritch knaue, and Ile make my ſelfe ſome great man.

Mend. In thee be all my ſpirit, retaine ten ſoules, vnite thy vertuall powers, reſolue, ha, remember greatneſſe, hart farewell. *Enter* Celſo.

„The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell.

Mal. Celzo didſt heare? ô heauen didſt heare?
Such diueliſh miſchiefe, ſuffereſt thou the world
Carowſe damnation euen with greedie ſwallow,
And ſtill dooſt winke, ſtill duz thy vengeance ſlumber,
„If now thy browes are cleare; whē will they thunder. *Exit.*

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Pietro, Ferrard, Preſpaſſo *and three Pages.*

Ferr. The Dogges are at a fault. *Cornets like hornes.*

Piet. Would God nothing but the dogs were at it? let the Deare perſue ſafely, the Dogs follow the game, and do you

you follow the dogges, as for me, tis vnfit one beaſt ſhould hunt another; I ha one chaſeth me: and pleaſe you I would be rid of yee a little.

Ferr. Would your griefe would as ſoone as wee, leaue you to quietneſſe. *Exeunt.*

Piet. I thanke you: Boy; what doſt thou dreame of now?

Page. Of a drie ſummer my Lord, for heer's a hote world towards: but my Lord I had a ſtrange dreame laſt night.

Piet. What ſtrange dreame?

Page. Why me thought I pleaſed you with ſinging, and then I dreamt you gaue me that ſhort ſword.

Piet. Prettily begd: hold thee, ile prooue thy dreame true, tak't.

Page. My dutie: But ſtiil I dreamt on my Lord, and me thought and ſhall pleaſe your excellencie, you would needs out of your royall bountie giue me that ie well in your Hat.

Piet. O thou didſt but dreame boye, doe not beleeue it, dreames prooue not alwayes true, they may hold in a ſhorte ſworde, but not in a Iewell. But now ſir you dreamt you had pleaſd me with ſinging, make that true as I ha made the other.

Page. Faith my Lorde I did but dreame, and dreames you ſay prooue not alwayes true: they may hold in a good ſworde, but not in a good ſong: the truth is, I ha loſt my voyce.

Piet. Loſt thy voyce, how?

Page. With dreaming faith, but here's a couple of Syrenicall raſcals ſhall inchaunt yee: What ſhall they ſinge my good Lorde?

Piet. Sing of the nature of women, and then the ſong ſhall be ſurely full of varietie, olde crochets and moſt ſweet cloſes; it ſhall be humerous, graue, fantaſtick, amorous, melancholy, ſprightly, one in all, and all in one.

Page. All in one?

Piet. Bir Lady too many ſing, my ſpeech growes culpable of vnthriftie idlencſſe, ſing.

The Song.

SCENA QVINTA.

Enter Maleuole *with Crosebowe and Pistoll.*

A, so. so, sing, I am heauie, walke of, I shall talke in my sleepe walke of. *Exeunt Pages.*

Mal. Briefe, briefe, who? the Duke? good heauen that fooles should stumble vpon greatnesse? do not sleepe duke, giue yee good morrow: must be briefe Duke. I am feed to murther thee, start not: *Mendoza*, *Mendoza* hired me, her's his gold, his Pistoll, Crosbowe, Sword, tis all as firme as earth: O foole, foole, choakt with the common maze of easie Ideots, credulity make him thine heire, what thy sworne murderer?

Pietro. O can it be?

Mal. Can?

Pietro. Discouered he not *Ferneze*?

Mal. Yes, but why? but why? for loue to thee, much, much, to be reueng'd vpon his riuall, who had thrust his iawes awrye, who being slaine supposed by thine owne hands; defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome, him most gratious with thy loose Princes, thou closely yeelding egresse and regresse to hir, madest him heire, whose hot vnquiet lust straight towzd thy sheetes, and now would seaze thy state, polititian, wise man, death to be led to the stake, like a Bull by the hornes to make euen kindnes cut a gentle throate, life, why art thou numb'd: Thou foggie dulnesse speake? liues not more faith in a home thrusting tongue, then in these fencing tip tap Courtiers.

Enter Celso *with a Hermits gowne and beard.*

Cel. Lord *Maleuole*, if this be true

Mal. If? come shade thee with this disguise, if? thou shalt handle it, he shall thanke thee for killing thy selfe, come follow my directions, and thou shalt see strange sleights.

Pietro.

Pietro World whither wilt thou?

Mal. Why to the diuell: come, the morne growes late;
A ſteady quicknes is the ſoule of ſtate. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS QVARTVS,
SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Maquarelle knocking at the Ladies doore.

Maq. Medam, Medam, are you ſtirring Medam? if you be ſtirring Medam, if I thought I ſhould diſturbe yee.

Page My Lady is vp forſooth.

Maq. A pretty boy, faith, how old art thou?

Page I thinke foureteene.

Maq. Nay, and yee be in the teenes: are yee a gentleman borne? doe you know mee? my name is Medam *Maquerelle*, I lie in the old Cunny Court.

Enter Beancha and Emilia.

See here the Ladies.

Bean. A faire day to yee *Maquarelle.*

Emil. Is the Dutcheſſe vp yet *Centinell?*

Maq. O Ladies, the moſt abhominable miſchance, O deare Ladies, the moſt piteous diſaſter, *Farneze* was taken laſt night in the Dutches chamber: alas the Duke catcht him and kild him.

Bean. Was he found in bed?

Maq. O no, but the villanous certainty is, the doore was not bolted, the tongue-tyed hatch held his peace, ſo the naked troth is, he was found in his ſhirt, whileſt I like an arrand beaſt lay in the outward Chamber, heard nothing, and yet they came by me in the darke, and yet I felt them not, like a ſenceleſſe creature as I was. O beauties, looke to your buſk-points, if not chaſtely, yet charily: be ſure the dore be bolted: is your Lord gone to *Florence*?

Bean. Yes Maquarelle.

Maq. I hope, youle finde the diſcretion to purchaſe a freſh gowne fore his returne: Now by my troth beauties,

I would ha ye once wiſe: he loues ye, piſh: he is witty, bubble: faire proportioned, meaw: nobly borne, winde; let this be ſtill your fixt poſition, eſteeme mee euery man according to his good gifts, and ſo ye ſhal euer remaine moſt deare, and moſt worthy to be moſt deare Ladies.

Emilia Is the Duke return'd from hunting yet?

Maq. They ſay not yet.

Bean. T'is now in midſt of day.

Em. How beares the Dutcheſſe with this blemiſh now?

Maq. Faith boldly, ſtrongly defies defame, as one that haz a Duke to her father. And there's a note to you, be ſure of a ſtowt friend in a corner, that may alwayes awe your husband. Marke the hauior of the Ducheſſe now, ſhee dares defame, cries, Duke, do what thou canſt, Ile quite mine honour: nay, as one confirmed in her owne vertue againſt ten thouſand mouthes that mutter her diſgrace, ſhee's preſently for daunces. *Enter* Ferrard

Bean. For daunces?

Maq. Moſt true.

Eml. Moſt ſtrange: ſee, heere's my ſeruant yong *Ferrard*: How many ſeruants thinkeſt thou I haue, Maquarelle?

Maq. The more the merrier: t'was well ſaide, vſe your ſervants as you doe your ſmockes, haue many, vſe one, and change often, for that's moſt ſweete and courtlike.

Ferrar. Saue ye faire Ladies, is the Duke returned?

Bean. Sweet ſir, no voice of him as yet in Court.

Fer. T'is very ſtrange.

Bean. And how like you my ſeruant, Maquarelle?

Maq. I thinke hee coulde hardely drawe *Vlyſſes* bowe, but by my fidelity, were his noſe narrower, his eyes broader, his handes thinner, his lippes thicker, his legges bigger, his feete leſſer, his haire blacker, and his teeth whiter, he were a tollerable ſweete youth yfaith. And hee will come to my Chamber, I will reade him the fortune of his beard.

Cornets ſound.

Fer.

Fer. Not yet returnde I feare, but
The Dutcheſſe approcheth.

Enter Mendoza *ſupporting the Dutcheſſe:* Guerrino: *the Ladies that are on the ſtage riſe :* Ferrard *Vſhers in the Dutcheſſe, and then takes a Lady to treade a meaſure.*

SCENA SECVNDA.

Aur. We will daunce, muſicke, we will daunce.

Guer. *Les quanto (Ladie) penſes bien, paſſa regis*, or *Beanchaes* brawle.

Aur. We haue forgot the brawle.

Fer. So ſoone? t'is wonder?

Guer. Why, t'is but two ſingles on the left, two on the right, three doubles forward, a trauerſe of ſixe round: do this twice, three ſingles ſide, galliard tricke of twenty, curranto pace; a figure of eight, three ſingles broken downe, come vp, meete two doubles, fall backe, and then honor.

Aur. O *Dedalus!* thy maze, I haue quite forgot it.

Maq. Truſt me ſo haue I, ſauing the falling backe, and then honor. *Enter Prepaſſo.*

Aur. Muſicke, muſicke.

Prep. Who ſaw the Duke? the Duke? *Enter* Equato.

Aur. Muſicke.

The Duke, is the Duke returned?

Aur. Muſicke. *Enter* Celſo.

Celſ. The Duke is either quite inuiſible, or elſe is not.

Aur. We are not pleaſde with your intruſion vpon our priuate retirement: we are not pleaſde: you haue forgot your ſelues.

Enter a Page.

Celſo. Boy, thy Maiſter: where's the Duke?

Paga. 'Alas, I left him burying the earth with his ſpread ioyleſſe limbes: he told me, he was heauy, would ſleepe, bade

me walke off, for that the ſtrength of fantaſie oft made him talke in his dreames: I ſtrait obeied, nor euer ſaw him ſince: but, where ſo e:e he is, hee's ſad.

Aur. Muſicke, ſound high, as is our heart, ſound high.

SCENA TERTIA

Enter Maleuole, *and* Pietro *diſguiſed like an Hermit.*

Mal. The Duke, peace, the Duke is dead.

Aur. Muſicke.

Mal. Is't Muſicke?

Men. Giue proofe.

Per. How?

Cel. Where?

Pre. When?

Mal. Reſt in peace, as the Duke duz, quietly ſitte: for my owne part, I beheld him but dead, thats all: marry here's one can giue you a more particular account of him.

Men. Speake holy father, nor let any brow within this preſence fright thee from the trueth: ſpeake confidently and freely.

Aur. We attend.

Pietro. Now had the mounting Suns al-ripening wings
Swept the cold ſweat of night from earths danke breaſt,
When I (whom men call *Hermit* of the Rocke)
Forſooke my Cell, and clamberd vp a cliffe,
Againſt whoſe Baſe, the heady *Neptune* daſht
His high curl'd browes, there t'was I eaſde my limbes,
When loe, my entrailes melted with the moane
Some one, who farre boue me was climbde, did make:
I ſhall offend.

Men. Not.

Aur. On.

Pietro. Me thinks I heare him yet, O female faith!
Goe ſow the ingratefull ſand, and loue a woman:
And doe I liue to be the skoffe of men,
To be their wittall cuckold, euen to hugge my poyſon?

Thou

Thou knoweſt O truth!
Sooner hard ſteele will melt with Southerne wind;
A Seamans whiſtle calme the Ocean;
A towne on fire be extinct with teares,
Then women vow'd to bluſhleſſe impudence,
With ſweete behauiour and ſoft minioning,
Will turne from that where appetite is fixt.
O powrefull bloud! how thou doſt ſlaue their ſoule?
I waſht an Ethiop, who for recompence
Sullyde my name. And muſt I then be forc'd
To walke, to liue thus blacke: muſt, muſt, fie,
He that can beare with muſt, he cannot die.
With that he ſigh'd too paſſionately deepe,
That the dull ayre even groand? at laſt he cries:
Sinke ſhame in ſeas, ſinke deepe enough, ſo dies.
For then I viewd his body fall and ſowſe
Into the ſomy maine, O then I ſaw
That which me thinks I ſee, it was the Duke,
Whome ſtraight the nicer ſtomackt ſea
Belcht vp: but then.

Mal. Then came I in, but las all was too late,
For euen ſtraight he ſunke.

Pietro Such was the Dukes ſad fate.

Cel. A better fortune to our Duke *Mendoza.*

Omnes, Mendoza: Cornets floriſh.

Enter a guard.

Men. A guard, a guard, we full of hartie teares,
For our good fathers loſſe,
For ſo we well may call him:
Who did beſeech your loues, for our ſucceſſion,
Cannot ſo lightly ouer-iumpe his death
As leaue his woes revengleſſe: *woman of ſhame, * To Aurelia.
We baniſh thee for euer to the place,
From whence this good man comes,
Nor permit on death vnto the body any ornament:
But baſe as was thy life, depart away.

Aur. Vngratefull. *Men.* Away.

Aur. Villaine heare me.

Prepasso and Guerino leade away the Dutches.

Men. Be gone, my Lordes addresse to publique counsell,
Tis most fit,
The traine of Fortune is borne vp by wit.
Away, our presence shall be sudden, haste.

All depart saving Mendoza, Maleuole, *and* Pietro.

Mal. Now you egregious deuill, Ha ye murthering Polititian, how dost Duke? how dost looke now? braue Duke yfaith.

Men. How did you kill him?

Mal. Slatted his braines out, then sowst him in the brinie sea.

Men. Braind him and drownd him too?

Mal. O twas best, sure worke:
For, he that strikes a great man, let him strike home, or else ware, heele proue no man: shoulder not a huge fellow, vnlesse you may be sure to lay him in the kennell.

Men. A most sound braine pan:
Ile make you both Emperours.

Mal. Make vs christians, make vs christians.

Men. Ile hoist ye, ye shall mount.

Mal. To the gallows say ye? Corne: *Præmium incertum petit certum scelus.* How stands the Progresse?

Men. Heere, take my ring vnto the Citadell,
Haue entrance to *Maria* the graue Dutches
Of banisht *Altofront*. Tell her we loue her:
Omit no circumstance to grace our person (doo't)

Mal. Iste make an excellent pander: Duke farewell, due adue Duke. *Exit Maleuole.*

Men. Take *Maquarelle* with thee; for t'is found,
None cuts a Diamon, but a Diamound.
Hermit, thou art a man for me, my confessor,
O thou selected spirit, borne for my good,
Sure thou wouldst make an excellent elder in a deformed Church.

Church.
Come, we muſt be inward, thou and I all one.

Pietro I am glad I was ordained for yee.

Men. Go to then, thou muſt know, that *Maleuole* is a ſtrange villaine: dangerous, verie dangerous: you ſee how broade a ſpeakes, a groſe-jawde rogue, I would haue thee poiſon him: hees like a korne vpon my great toe, I cannot goe for him: hee muſt be kored out: hee muſt, wilt doo't ha?

Pietro Any thing, any thing.

Men. Heart of my life, thus then to the Citadell,
Thou ſhalt conſort with this *Maleuole*,
There beeing at ſupper, poiſon him,
It ſhall be laid vpon *Maria*, who yeeldes loue, or dies:
Skud quicke.
Like lightning good deedes crawle, bnt miſchiefe flies.

Enter Maleuole. *Exit* Pietro.

Mal. Your diuelſhips ring haz no vertue, the buffe-captaine, the ſallo-weſtfalian gamon-faced zaza, cries ſtand out, muſt haue a ſtiffer warrant, or no paſſe into the caſtle of comfort.

Men: Commaund our ſodaine Letter: not enter? ſhat, what place is there in *Genoa*, but thou ſhalt into my heart, into my very heart: come, lets loue, we muſt loue, we two, ſoule and body.

Mal. How didſt like the Hermite? A ſtrange Hermite ſirrah,

Men. A dangerous fellow, very perilous: he muſt die.

Mal. I, he muſt die.

Men. Thouſt kill him: we are wiſe, we muſt be wiſe.

Mal. And prouident.

Men. Yea prouident; beware an hypocrite.
A Church man once corrupted, oh anoyde
A fellow that makes Religion his ſtawking horſe, (*ſhootes vnder*
He breedes a plague: thou ſhalt poiſon him. *his belly*)

Mal. Ho, tis wondrous neceſſary: how?

Men.

Men. You both go ioyntly to the Citadell,
There ſup, there poiſon him: and Maria,
Becauſe ſhe is our oppoſite, ſhall beare
The ſad ſuſpect, on which ſhe dies, or loues vs.
Mal. I runne. *Exit* Maleuole
Men. We that are great, our ſole ſelfe good ſtill moues vs
They ſhall die both, for their deſerts craues more
Than we can recompence, their preſence ſtill
Imbraides our fortunes with beholdingneſſe,
Which we abhorre, like deede, not doer: then conclude,
They liue not to cry out ingratitude.
One ſticke burnes tother, ſteele cuts ſteele alone:
Tis good truſt few: but O, tis beſt truſt none.
Exit Mendoza

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Maleuole *and* Pietro *ſtill diſguiſed, at ſeuerall doores.*
Mal. How do you? how dooſt duke?
Pietro O let the laſt day fall, drop, drop in our curſed heads!
Let heauen vnclaſp it ſelfe, vomit forth flames:
Mal. O do not rand, do not turne player, theres more of them, than can well liue one by another already.
What, art an infidell ſtill?
Pietro I am amazde, ſtrucke in a ſwowne with wonder?
I am commanded to poiſon thee.
Mal. I am commanded to poiſon thee, at ſupper.
Pietro At ſupper?
Mal. In the Citadell.
Pietro In the Citadell?
Mal. Croſſe capers, trickes? truth, a heauen he would diſcharge vs as boyes do elderne guns, one pellet to ſtrike out another: of what faith art now?
Pietro All is damnation, wickednes extreame, there is no faith in man.
Men. In none but vſurers and brokers, they deceiue no man, men take vm for bloud-ſuckers, and ſo they are: now God deliuer me from my friends.

Pietro

Pietro Thy friends?

Mal. Yes, from my friends, for from mine enemies Ile deliuer my ſelfe. O, cut-throate friendſhippe is the ranckeſt villanie, marke this *Mendoza*, marke him for a villaine: but heauen will ſend a plague vpon him for a rogue.

Pietro O world!

Mal. World? Tis the onely region of Death, the greateſt ſhop of the Diuell, the cruelſt priſon of men, out of the which none paſſe without paying their deareſt breath for a fee, theres nothing perfect in it, but extreame extreame calamitie, ſuch as comes yonder.

SCENA QVINTA.

Enter Aurelia, *two Holberts before, and two after, ſupported by* Celſo *and* Ferrard, Aurelia *in baſe mourning attire.*

Aur. To baniſhment, led on to baniſhment.

Pietro. Lady, the bleſſednesſe of repentance to you.

Au. Why? why? I can deſire nothing but death, nor deſerue any thing but hell.
If heauen ſhould giue ſufficiencie of grace
To cleere my ſoule, it would make heauen graceleſſe:
My ſinnes would make the ſtocke of mercie poore,
Oh they would tyer heauens goodneſſe to reclaime them:
Iudgement is iuſt yet from that vaſt villaine:
But ſure he ſhall not miſſe ſad puniſhment,
Fore he ſhall rule. On to my Cell of ſhame.

Pietro My Cell tis Lady, where inſteed of Maskes,
Muſique, Tilts, Tournies, and ſuch courtlike ſhewes,
The hollow murmure of the checkleſſe windes
Shall groane againe, whilſt the vnquiet ſea
Shakes the whole rocke with foamy battery:
There Vſherleſſe the ayre comes in and out:
The reumy vault will force your eyes to weepe,
Whilſt you behold true deſolation:
A rocky barrenneſſe ſhall pierce your eyes,

Where all at once one reaches, where he ſtands,
With browes the roofe, both walles with both his hands.
Aur. It is too good, bleſſed ſpirit of my Lord,
O in what orbe ſo ere thy ſoule is thron'd,
Behold me worthily moſt miſerable:
O let the anguiſh of my contrite ſpirit,
Intreate ſome reconcilation:
If not, O ioy! triumph in my iuſt griefe,
Death is the end of woes, and teares reliefe.
Pietro Belike your Lord not lou'd you, was vnkinde.
Aur. O heauen!
As the ſoule lou'd the body, ſo lou'd he,
Twas death to him to part my preſence,
Heauen to ſee me pleaſed:
Yet I like to a wretch given ore to hell,
Brake all the ſacred rites of marriage,
To clippe a baſe vngentle faithleſſe villaine:
O God, a very Pagan reprobate!
What ſhould I ſay, vngratefull, throwes me out,
For whom I loſt ſoule, body, fame, and honor:
But tis moſt fit: why ſhould a better fate
Attend on any, who forſake chaſte ſheetes,
Fly the imbrace of a deuoted heart,
Ioynd by a ſolemne vow fore God and man,
To taſte the brackiſh bloud of beaſtly luſt,
In an adulterous touch? Oh rauenous immodeſty,
Inſatiate impudence of appetite:
Looke, heere's your end, for marke what ſap in duſt,
What ſinne in good, even ſo much loue in luſt:
Ioy to thy ghoſt, ſweete Lord, pardon to me.
Cel. It is the Dukes pleaſure this night you reſt in court.
Aur. Soule lurke in ſhades, run ſhame from brightſome ſkies,
In night the blind man miſſeth not his eies. *exit.*
Mal. Do not weepe kind cuckold, take comfort man, thy betters haue beene *Beccoes*: *Agamemnon* Emperour of all the merry Greekes, that tickled all the true Troyans, was a

Cornuto,

Cornuto: Prince *Arthur* that cut off twelue Kings beardes, was a *Cornuto: Hercules*, whoſe backe bore vp heauen, and got forty wenches with child in one night,

Pietro Nay, t'was fifty.

Mal. Faith fortie's enow a conſcience, yet was a *Cornuto:* patience, miſchiefe growes prowde, be wiſe.

Pietr. Thou pincheſt too deepe, art too keene vpon me.

Mal. Tut, a pittifull Surgeon makes a dangerous ſore, Ile tent thee to the ground. Thinkſt Ile ſuſtaine my ſelfe by flattering thee, becauſe thou art a Prince? I had rather follow a drunkard, and liue by licking vp his vomite, than by ſeruile flatterie.

Pietr. Yet great men ha don't.

Mal. Great ſlaues feare better than loue, borne naturally for a coale-basket, though the common vſher of princes preſence fortune ha blindely giuen them better place, I am vow'd to be thy affliction.

Pietro Prethee be, I loue much miſery, and be thou ſonne to me. *Enter* Bilioſo.

Mal. Becauſe you are an vſurping Duke.

* Your Lordſhip's well returnde from *Florence.* *To *Bilioſo.*

Bil. Well returnde, I prayſe my horſe.

Mal. What newes from the Florentines?

Bil. I will conceale the great Dukes pleaſure, onely this was his charge, his pleaſure is, that his daughter die, Duke *Pietro* bee baniſhed, for baniſhing his bloods diſhonor, and that Duke *Altofront* bee re-accepted: this is all, but I heare Duke *Pietro* is dead.

Mal. I, and *Mendoza* is Duke, what will you doe?

Bil. Is *Mendoza* ſtrongeſt?

Mal. Yet he is.

Bil. Then yet Ile hold with him.

Mal. But if that *Altofront* ſhould turne ſtrait againe?

Bilioſ. Why then I would turne ſtrait againe.
Tis good runne ſtill with him that haz moſt might:
I had rather ſtand with wrong, then fall with right.

Mal. Of what religion will you be of now?

Bili. Of the Dukes religion, when I know what it is.

Mal. O *Hercules*!

Bili. *Hercules*? *Hercules* was the ſonne of *Iupiter* and *Alkmena*.

Mal. Your Lordſhip is a very wittall.

Bil. Wittall?

Mal I, all-wit.

I had rather ſtand with wrong, then fall with right.

Bili. *Amphitrio* was a cuckold.

Mal. Your Lordſhip ſweats, your yong Lady will get you a cloth for your old worſhips browes. *Exit Bilioſa* heeres a fellow to be damnd, this is his inuiolable *Maxime*, (flatter the greateſt, and oppreſſe the leaſt:) a whorſon fleſh fly, that ſtill gnawes vpon the leane gauld backs.

Pie. Why dooſt then ſalute him?

Mal. Faith as baudes go to Church, for faſhion ſake: come, be not confounded, th'art b[illegible] in danger to looſe a Dukedome, thinke this: this earth is the only graue and *Golgotha* wherein all thinges that liue muſt rotte: tis but the draught wherein the heauenly bodies diſcharge their corruption, the verie muckhill on which the ſublunarie orbes caſt their excrements: man is the ſlime of this dongue-pit, and Princes are the gouernours of theſe men: for, for our ſoules, they are as free as Emperoures, all of one peece, there goes but a paire of ſheeres betwixt an Emperoure and the ſonne of a bagpiper: only the dying, dreſſing, preſſing, gloſſing makes the difference: now what art thou like to loſe?

A iaylers office to keepe men in bonds,
Whilſt toyle and treaſon, all lifes good confounds.

Pie. I heere renounce for euer Regency:
O *Altofront*, I wrong thee to ſupplant thy right:
To trip thy heeles vp with a diueliſh ſlight. (abiure,
For which I now from Throane am throwne, world tricks
For vengance tho't comes ſlow, yet it comes ſure.
O I am chang'd, for heerefore the dread power,

In

In true contrition I doe dedicate,
My breath to ſolitary holineſſe,
My lips to prayer, and my breaſts care ſhall be,
Reſtoring *Altofront* to regency.
Mal. Thy vowes are heard, and we accept thy faith.
Enter Ferneze and Celſo. *vndiſguiſeth himſelfe.*
Altofront, Ferneze, Celſo, Pietro.
Banniſh amazement: come, we foure muſt ſtand full ſhock
of Fortune, be not ſo wonder ſtricken.
Pietro. Doth *Ferneze* liue?
Farn. For your pardon.
Pietro. Pardon and loue, giue leaue to recollect
My thoughts diſperſt in wilde aſtoniſhment:
My vowes ſtand fixt in heauen, and from hence
I craue all love and pardon.
Mal. Who doubts of prouidence,
That ſees this change, a heartie faith to all:
He needes muſt riſe, who can no lower fall,
For ſtill impetuous Viciſſitude
Towzeth the world, then let no maze intrude
Vpon your ſpirits: wonder not I riſe,
For who can ſincke, that cloſe can temporize?
The time growes ripe for action, Ile detect
My priuat'ſt plot; leſt ignorance feare ſuſpect:
Let's cloaſe to counſell, leaue the reſt to fate,
Mature diſcretion is the life of ſtate. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. *Scena prima.*

Enter Maleuole and Maquarelle, at ſeuerall doores oppoſite, ſinging.

Mal. The Dutchman for a drunkard,
Maq. The Dane for golden lockes:
Mal. The Iriſhman for vſquebath,
Mal. The Frenchman for the ( )

Mal: O thou art a bleſſed creature, had I a modeſt woman to conceale, I would put her to thy cuſtodie, for no reaſonable creature woulde euer ſuſpect her to bee in thy company: ha, thou art a melodious Maquarelle, thou picture of a woman, and ſubſtance of a beaſt, and how dooſt thou thinke a this transformation of ſtate now?

Maq: Verily very well, for wee women alwayes note, the falling of the one, is the riſing of the other: ſome muſt be fat, ſome muſt be leane, ſome muſt be fooles, and ſome muſt be Lords: ſome muſt be knaues, and ſome muſt be officers: ſome muſt be beggars, ſome muſt be knights: ſome muſt be cuckoldes, and ſome muſt be cittizens: as for example, I haue two court dogges, the moſt fawning curres, the one called Watch, th'other Catch: now I, like lady Fortune, ſometimes loue this dog, ſometimes raiſe that dog, ſometimes fauour Watch, moſt commonly fancie Catch: now that dog which I fauour, I feede, and hee's ſo rauenous, that what I giue, he neuer chawes it, gulpes it downe whole, without any reliſh of what he haz, but with a greedy expectation of what he ſhall haue: the other dog, now:

Mal: No more dog, ſweete Maquarelle, no more dog: and what hope haſt thou of the dutcheſſe Maria, will ſhee ſtoope to the Dukes lewre, will ſhe come thinkſt?

Maq: Let me ſee, where's the ſigne now? ha ye ere a calender, where's the ſigne trow you?

Mal: Signe! why is there any moment in that?

Maq: O! beleeue me a moſt ſecret power, looke yee a Chaldean or an Aſſyrian, I am ſure t'was a moſt ſweete Iew tolde me, court any woman in the right ſigne, you ſhall not miſſe: but you muſt take her in the right veine then: as when the ſigne is in Piſces, a Fiſhmongers wife is very ſotiable: in Cancer, a Preciſians wife is very flexible: in Capricorne, a Merchants wife hardly holdes out: in Libra, a Lawyers wife is very tractable, eſpecially, if her husband bee at the terme: onely in Scorpio t'is very dangerous medling: haz the Duke ſent any jewel, any rich ſtones?

Enter

Enter Captaine.

Mal: I, I thinke thoſe are the beſt ſignes to take a lady in. By your fauour ſigneor, I muſt diſcourſe with the Ladie *Maria, Altofront*: dutcheſſe: I muſt enter for the Duke.

Cap. Shee heere ſhall giue you enterview: I, receiued the guardſhip of this Citadell from the good *Altofront*, and for his vſe Ile keep't, till I am of no vſe.

Mal. Wilt thou? O heauens, that a chriſtian ſhould be found in a buffe jerkin! captaine Conſcience: I loue thee Captaine. *Exit Captaine.*
We attend, and what hope haſt thou of this Dutcheſſe eaſineſſe?

Maq. T'will goe harde, ſhee was a colde creature euer, ſhe hated monkies, fooles, jeaſters, and gentlemen-vſhers extreamely: ſhee had the vilde tricke on't, not onely to be truely modeſtly honourable in her owne conſcience, but ſhee would auoyde the leaſt wanton carriage that might incurre ſuſpect, as God bleſſe me, ſhee had almoſt brought bed preſſing out of faſhion: I could ſcarſe get a fine for the leaſe of a Ladies fauour once in a fortnight.

Mal. Now in the name of immodeſty, how many maiden-heads haſt thou brought to the blocke?

Maq. Let me ſee: heauen forgiue vs our miſdeedes: Heere's the Dutcheſſe.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Maria and Captaine.

Mal. God bleſſe thee Lady.

Mar. Out of thy company.

Mal. We haue brought thee tender of a husband.

Mar. I hope I haue one already.

Maq. Nay, by mine honour Madam, as good ha nere a husband, as a baniſht husband, hee's in an other world now. Ile tel yee Lady, I haue heard of a ſect that maintained, when the

the husband was asleepe, the wife might lawfully entertaine another man: for then her husband was as dead, much more when he is banished.

Mar. Vnhoneſt creature!

Maq. Piſh, honeſty is but an art to ſeeme ſo: pray yee, whats honeſty? whats conſtancy? but fables fained, odde old fooles chat, deuiſde by iealous fooles, to wrong our liberty.

Mal. *Mully*, he that loues thee, is a Duke, *Mendoza*, he will maintaine thee royally, loue thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marrie thee ſumptuouſly, and keepe thee in deſpite of *Roſiclere*, or *Donzel del Phœbo*: theres jewelles, if thou wilt, ſo; if not, ſo.

Mar: Captaine, for Gods loue ſaue poore wretchednes
From tyranny of luſtfull inſolence:
Inforce me in the deepeſt dungeon dwell
Rather than heere, heere round about is hell.
O my deareſt *Altofront*, where ere thou breathe,
Let my ſoule ſincke into the ſhades beneathe,
Before I ſtaine thine honor, t'is thou haſt;
And long as I can die, I will liue chaſte.

Mal. Gainſt him that can inforce, how vaine is ſtrife?

Mar. Shee that can be enforc'd haz nere a knife.
She that through force her limbes with luſt enroules,
Wants Cleopatraes *aſpes and* Portiaes *coales.*
God amend you. *Exit with Captaine.*

Mal. Now the feare of the diuell for euer goe with thee. *Maquerelle*, I tell thee, I haue found an honeſt woman, faith I perceiue when all is done, there is of women, as of all other things: ſome good, moſt bad: ſome ſaintes, ſome ſinners: for as now adaies, no Courtier but haz his miſtris, no Captaine but haz his cockatrice, no Cuckold but haz his hornes, and no foole but haz his feather: euen ſo, no woman but haz her weakneſſe and feather too, no ſex but haz his: I can hunt the letter no furder: O God, how loathſome this toying is to mee, that a Duke ſhould bee forc'd to foole it: well, *Stultorum plena ſunt omnia*, better play the foole Lord, then

then be the foole Lord: now, where's your flightes Madam *Maquarelle*?

Maq. Why, are yee ignorant that tis ſed, a ſquemiſh affected nicenes is naturall to women, and that the excuſe of their yeelding, is onely (forſooth) the difficult obtaining. You muſt put her too't: women are flaxe, and will fire in a moment.

Mal. Why, was the flax put into thy mouth, and yet thou? thou ſet fire? thou enflame her?

Maq. Marry, but Ile tell yee now, you were too hot.

Mal. The fitter to haue enflamed the flaxwoman.

Maq. You were too boiſterous, ſpleeny, for indeede.

Mal. Go, go, thou art a weake pandreſſe, now I ſee.

Soener earths fire heauen it ſelfe ſhall waſte,
Then all with heate can melt a minde that's chaſte.

Go thou the Dukes lime-twigge, Ile make the Duke turne thee out of thine office. What, not get one touch of hope, & had her at ſuch advantage.

Maq. Now a my conſcience, now I thinke in my diſcretion, we did not take her in the right ſigne, the bloud was not in the true veine, ſure. *Exit.*

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Prepaſſo *and* Ferrard, *two pages with lights*, Celſo *and* Equato, Mendozo *in Dukes roabes*, Bilioſo *and* Guerrino. *Exeunt all ſauing* Malcuole.

Men. On on, leaue vs, leaue vs: ſtay, where is the hermit?

Mal. With Duke *Pietro*, with Duke *Pietro*.

Men. Is he dead? is he poyſoned?

Mal. Dead as the Duke is.

Men. Good, excellent, he will not blabbe, ſecurenes liues in ſecrecy, come hether, come hether.

Mal. Thou haſt a certaine ſtrong villanous ſent about thee, my nature cannot indure. (our ſute?

Men. Sent man? what returnes *Maria*? what anſwer to

Mal. Colde, froſtie, ſhe is obſtinate.

Men. Then ſhees but dead, tis reſolute, ſhe dies.
Blacke deede onely through blacke deedes ſafely flies.

Mal. Pew, *per ſcelera ſemper ſceleribus tutum eſt iter.*

Men. What art a ſcholler? art a polititian? ſure thou art an arrand knaue.

Mal. Who I? I ha bene twice an vnder ſherife, man.

Men. Canſt thou impoyſon? canſt thou impoyſon?

Mal. Excellently, no Iew, Potecary, or Polititian better: looke ye, here's a box, whom wouldſt thou impoyſon? here's a box, which opened, and the fume tane vp in condites, thorow which the braine purges it ſelfe, doth inſtantly for 12. houres ſpace, bind vp all ſhew of life in a deepe ſenſles ſleep: heres another, which being opened vnder the ſleepers noſe, chonks all the power of life, kills him ſodainely. *Enter Celſ.*

Seems to poiſon Maleuole.

Men. Ile try experiments, tis good not to be deceiued: ſo, ſo, *Catzo.*
Who would feare that may deſtroy, death hath no teeth, nor tong,
And he thats great, to him are ſlaues Shame,
Murder, fame and wrong. *Enter Celſo.* Celzo?

Cel. My honored Lord.

Men. The good *Maleuole*, that plain-tongued man, alas, is dead on ſodaine wondrous ſtrangely, hee held in our eſteem good place.
Celſo, See him buried, ſee him buried.

Cel. I ſhall obſerue yee.

Men. And *Celſo*, prethee let it be thy care to night
To haue ſome pretty ſhew, to ſolemnize
Our high inſtalement, ſome muſicke maskerie:
Weele giue faire entertaine vnto *Maria*
The Ducheſſe to the baniſht *Altofront*:
Thou ſhalt conduct her from the Citadell
Vnto the Pallace, thinke on ſome maskery.

Cel. Of what ſhape, ſweete Lord?

Men. Why ſhape? why any quicke done fiction,
As ſome braue ſpirits of the *Genoan* Dukes,
To come out of *Elizium* forſooth,

Led

Led in by *Mercury*, to gratulate
Our happy fortune, ſome ſuch any thing, ſome far fet tricke,
good for Ladies, ſome ſtale toy or other, no matter ſo't be of
our deuiſing.
Do thou prepar't, tis but for a faſhion ſake,
Feare not, it ſhall be grac'd man, it ſhall take.

Cel. All ſeruice.

Men. All thankes, our hand ſhall not be cloſe to thee:
Now is my trechery ſecure, nor can we fall: (farewel.
Miſchiefe that proſpers men do vertue call,
Ile truſt no man, he that by trickes gets wreathes,
Keepes them both ſteele, no man ſecurely breathes,
Out of deſerued rancke, the crowde will mutter, foole:
Who cannot beare with ſpite, he cannot rule:
The chiefeſt ſecret for a man of ſtate,
Is, to liue ſenſles of a ſtrengthleſſe hate. *Exit* Mendozo.

Mal: Death of the damn'd thiefe: Ile make one i'the maske. thou ſhalt ha ſome Braue ſpirits of the antique Dukes. Starts vp and ſpeakes.

Cel: My Lord, what ſtrange diluſion?

Mal: Moſt happy, deere *Celſo*, poiſond with an empty box? Ile giue thee all anone: my Ladie comes to court, there is a whurle of fate comes tumbling on, the Caſtles captaine ſtands for me, the people pray for me, and the great leader of the iuſt ſtands for me: then courage *Celſo*.
For no diſaſtrous chance can euer moue him,
That leaueth nothing but a God aboue him.

Enter Prepaſſo *and* Bilioſo, *two pages before them* Maquar: Beancha *and* Emilia.

Bil Make roome there, roome for the Ladies: why gentlemen, will not ye ſuffer the Ladies to be entred in the great chamber? why gallants? and you ſir, to droppe your Torch where the beauties muſt ſit too.

Pre. And there's a great fellow playes the knaue, why doſt not ſtrike him?

Bil. Let him play the knaue a Gods name, thinkſt thou

I haue no more wit then to ſtrike a great fellow: the muſike, more lights, reueling, ſcaffolds: do you heare? let there bee othes enow readie at the doore, ſweare out the diuell himſelf. Lets leaue the Ladies, and go ſee if the Lords bee readie for them. *All ſaue the Ladies depart.*

Maq. And by my troth Beauties, why do you not put you into the faſhion, this is a ſtale cut, you muſt come in faſhion: looke ye, you muſt be all felt, fealt and feather, a fealt vpon your bare haire: looke ye, theſe tiring things are iuſtly out of requeſt now: and do ye heare? you muſt weare falling bands, you muſt come into the falling faſhion: there is ſuch a deale a pinning theſe ruffes, when the fine cleane fall is woorth all: and agen, if you ſhould chance to take a nap in the afternoone, your falling band requires no poting ſticke to recouer his forme: beleue me, no faſhion to the falling I ſay.

Bean. And is not ſinnior S. *Andrew* a gallant fellowe now?

Maq. By my maiden-head la, honour and he agrees aſwell together, as a ſatten ſute and wollen ſtockings.

Emil. But is not Marſhall Make-roome my ſeruant in reverſion, a proper gentleman?

Maq. Yes in reverſion a, he did his office, as in truth he hath all things in reverſion: hee hath his Miſtris in reverſion, his cloathes in reverſion, his wit in reverſion: & indeede, is a ſuter to me, for my dogge in reverſion: but in good veritie la, he is as proper a gentleman in reverſion as: and indeede, as fine a man as may be, hauing a red beard and a paire of warpt legges.

Bean. But I faith I am moſt monſtrouſly in loue with count Quidlibet in Quodlibet, is he not a pretty dapper vn-ydle gallant?

Maq, He is even one of the moſt buſy fingerd lords, he will put the beauties to the ſqueake moſt hiddeouſly.

Bil: Roome, make a lane there, the Duke is entring: ſtand handſomely for beauties ſake, take vp the Ladies there, So, cornets, cornets. SCE-

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Prepasso *ioynes to* Bilioso, *two pages with lightes*, Ferrard, Mendozo, *at the other doore two pages with lights, and the Captaine leading in* Maria, *the Duke meetes* Maria, *and closeth with her, the rest fall backe.*

Men. Madam, with gentle eare receiue my sute,
A kingdomes safetie should o're paize slight rites,
Marriage is meerely Natures policy:
Then, since vnlesse our royall beds be ioynd,
Danger and ciuill tumult frights the state,
Be wise as you are faire, giue way to fate.

Mar. What wouldst thou, thou affliction to our house?
Thou euer diuell, twas thou that banishedst
my truely noble Lord. *Men:* I?

Mar. I, by thy plottes, by thy blacke stratagems,
Twelue Moones haue suffred change since I beheld
The loued presence of my deerest Lord.
From a weake body: but thou, soule from soule
O thou far worse than death, he partes but soule
Disseuerst, that which Gods owne hand did knit.
Thou scant of honor, full of diuelish wit.

Men. Weele checke your too intemperate lauishnes, I
I can and will. *Mar.* What canst?

Men. Go to, in banishment thy husband dies.

Mar. *He euer is at home that's euer wise.*

Men. Youst neuer meete more, reason should loue con-
Mar. Not meete? (troule,
bee that deere loues, her loue's still in her soule.

Men. You are but a woman Lady, you must yeeld.

Mar. O saue me thou innated bashfulnes,
Thou onely ornament of womens modestie.

Men. Modestie? Death Ile torment thee,

Mar. Do, vrge all torments, all afflictions trie,
Ile die, my Lords, as long as I can die.

Men. Thou obstinate, thou shalt die. Captaine, that La-

dies life is forfeited to Iuſtice, we haue examined her,
And we do finde, ſhe hath impoyſoned
The reuerend Hermit: therefore we commaund
Seuereſt cuſtodie. Nay, if youle dooes no good,
Youſt dooes no harme, a tyrants peace is bloud.

Mar. O thou art mercifull, O gratious diuell,
Rather by much let me condemned be
For ſeeming murder than be damn'd for thee.
Ile mourne no more, come girt my browes with floures,
Reuell and daunce; ſoule, now thy wiſh thou haſt,
Die like a Bride, poore heart thou ſhalt die chaſt.

Enter Aurelia *in mourning habit.*

Aur. Life is a froſt of colde felicitie,
And death the thaw of all our vanitie.
Waſt not an honeſt Prieſt that wrote ſo?

Men: Who? let her in.

Bili: Forbeare. *Pre.* Forbeare.

Aur: Alas calamitie is euerie where.
Sad miſerie diſpight your double doores,
Will enter euen in court.

Bili. Peace.

Aur: I ha done; one word, take heede, I ha done.

Enter Mercurie *with lowde muſicke.*

Mer. Cillenian *Mercurie*, the God of ghoſts,
From gloomie ſhades that ſpread the lower coaſts,
Calls foure high famed *Genoan* Dukes to come
And make this preſence their *Elizium:*
To paſſe away this high triumphall night,
With ſong and daunces, courts more ſoft delight.

Aur. Are you god of ghoſts, I haue a ſute depending in hell betwixt me and my conſcience, I would faine haue thee helpe me to an aduocate.

Bil. Mercurie ſhal be your lawyer, Lady.

Aur. Nay faith, *Mercurie* haz too good a face, to be a right lawyer.

Pre. Peace, forbeare: *Mercurie* preſents the maske.

Cornets

Cornets: The Song to the Cornets, which playing, the maske enters. Maleuole, Pietro, Ferneze, *and* Celso *in white robes, with Dukes Crownes vpon lawrell, wreathes, pistolets and short swordes vnder their robes.*

Men. *Celso, Celso,* court *Maria* for our loue; Lady, be gratious, yet grace.

**Mar.* With me Sir?

Maleuole taks his wife to daunce.

Mal. Yes, more loued then my breath:
With you Ile dance.

Mar. Why then you dance with death,
But come Sir, I was nere more apt for mirth.
Death giues eternitie a glorious breath:
O, to die honourd, who would feare to die.

Mal. *They die in feare, who liue in villanie.*

Men. Yes, beleeue him Lady, and be rulde by him.

**Pietro.* Madam, with me?

Pietro takes his wife Aurelia to dance

Aur. Wouldst then be miserable?

Pietro. I neede not wish.

Aur. O, yet forbeare my hand, away, fly, fly,
O seeke not her, that onely seekes to die.

Pietro Poore loued soule.

Aur. What, wouldst court miserie?

Pietro Yes.

Aur. Sheele come too soone, O my grieu'd heart!

Pietro Lady, ha done, ha done.
Come, lets dance, be once from sorrow free.

Aur. Art a sad man?

Pietro Yes sweet.

Aur. Then weele agree.

Ferneze takes Maquerelle, and Celso Beancha: then the Cornets sound the measure, one change and rest.

Fer. Beleeue it Lady, shall I sweare, let mee inioy you in priuate, and Ile marrie you by my soule.

To Beancha.

Bean. I had rather you would sweare by your body: I thinke

thinke that would proue the more regarded othe with you.

Fer. Ile sweare by them both, to please you.

Bean. O, dam them not both to please me, for Gods sake.

Fer. Faith, sweete creature, let me inioy you to night, and Ile marry you to morrow fortnight, by my troth la.

Maq. On his troth la, beleeue him not, that kinde of cunnicatching is as stale as sir Oliuer Anchoues perfumde ierkin: promise of matrimony by a yong gallant, to bring a virgin Lady into a fooles paradise: make her a great woman, and then cast her off: tis as common as naturall to a Courtier, as jelosie to a Citizen, gluttony to a Puritan, wisdome to an Alderman, pride to a Tayler, or an empty handbasket to one of these sixpenny damnations: of his troth la, beleeue him not, traps to catch polecats.

Mal Keepe your face constant, let no suddaine passion speake in your eies.

Mar. O my *Altofront.*

Pietro A tyrants jelosies
are very nimble, you receiue it all.

Aur. My heart, though not my knees, doth vmbly fall,
Lowe as the earth to thee.

Pietro Peace, next change, no words.

Mar. Speach to such, ay, O what will affords?

Cornets sound the measure ouer againe: which danced they vnmaske.

Men. *Maleuole?* *They environ* Mendozo, *bending their Pistolles on him.*

Mal. No,

Men. *Altofront*, Duke *Pietro*, *Ferneze*, hah?

All. Duke *Altofront*, Duke *Altofront.* *Cornets a florish.*

Men. Are we surprizde? what strange delusions mocke
Our sences, do I dreame? or haue I dreamt
This two daies space? where am I? *They seize upon* (Mendozo.

Mal. Where an arch-vilaine is.

Men. O lend me breath, til I am fit to die.
For peace with heauen, for your owne soules sake,
Vouchsafe me life.

Pietro

Pietro. Ignoble villaine, whom neither he auen nor hell,
goodneſſe of God or man, could once make good.

Mal. Baſe treacherous wretch, what grace canſt thou
That haſt growne impudent in graceleſneſſe. (expect

Mend. O life!

Mal. Slaue, take thy life.
Wert thou defenced through blood and woundes,
The ſterneſt horror of a ciuell fight
Would I atcheeue thee: but proſtrat at my feete
I ſcorne to hurt thee: tis the heart of ſlaues
That daines to triumph ouer peaſants graues.
For ſuch thou art, ſince birth doth neere inrole
A man mong monarkes, but a glorious ſoule.

To Pietro & Aurelia. § You ore-ioy'd ſpirits wipe your long wet eies,
Hence with this man: an Eagle takes not flies. *kicks out Mẽ.*
To Pietro & Aurelia. You to your vowes: And thou vnto the ſuburbs. *to Maq.*
You to my woſt frend I would hardly giue: *To Bilioſo.*
Thou art a perfect olde knaue, all pleaſed liue.
**To Celſo & the Captain.* **You two vnto my breaſt: thou to my hart. *To Maria.*
The reſt of idle actors idly part,
And as for me I here aſſume my right,
To which I hope all's pleaſd: to all goodnight.

Cornets a floriſh. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

Epilogus.

Your modeſt ſcilence, full of heedy ſtillneſſe,
Makes me thus ſpeake: A voluntary illneſſe
Is meerely ſcuſles, but vnwilling error,
Such as proceeds from too raſh youthfull feruor,
May well be cald a falt but not a ſinne,
Riuers take names from Founts where they begin.
Then let not too ſeuere an eye peruſe,
The ſlighter brakes of our reformed Muſe,
Who could her ſelfe, hir ſelfe of faultes detect,
But that ſhe knowes tis eaſie to correct.
Though ſome mens labour: troth to erre is fit,
As long as wiſdom's not profeſſd, but wit.
Then till an others happier Muſe appeares,
Till his Thalia *feaſt your learned eares,*
To whoſe deſertfull Lampes pleaſd fates impart,
Art aboue Nature, Iudgement aboue Art,
Receiue this peece which hope, nor feare yet daunteth,
He that knows moſt, knows moſt how much he (wanteth.

FINIS.

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